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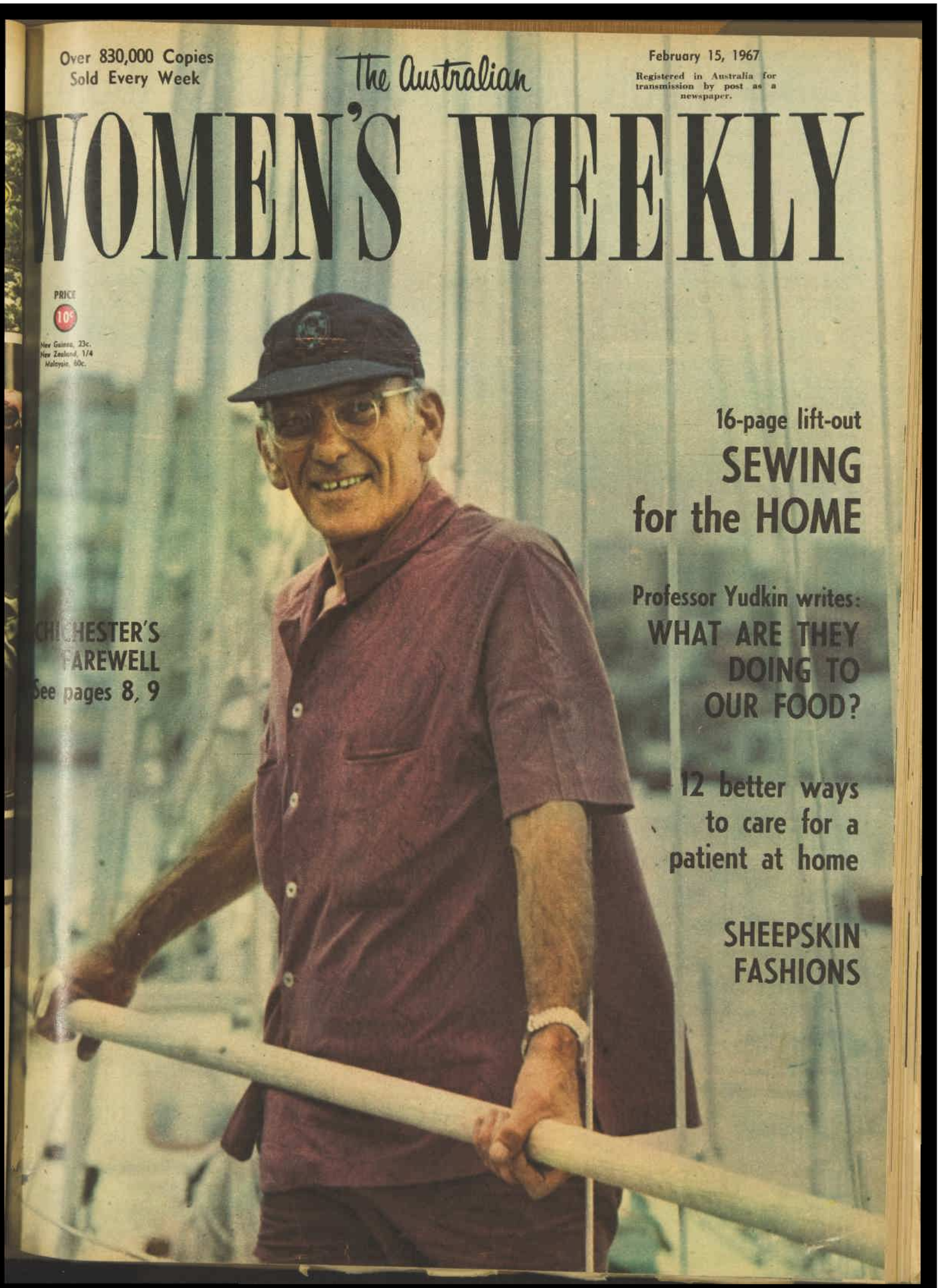

16-page lift-out

SEWING for the HOME

Professor Yudkin writes:

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO OUR FOOD?

CHICHESTER'S FAREWELL

See pages 8, 9

12 better ways to care for a patient at home

SHEEPSKIN FASHIONS

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 15, 1967

Vol. 34, No. 38

OUR COVER

● Sir Francis Chichester, before his departure on the second leg of his hazardous round-the-world voyage (more pictures pages 8, 9). Cover picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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BON VOYAGE OUR WORLD TOURISTS

● *A friend presented a frangipani lei to Mrs. John Stanton, of Hurstville (above), with her husband. Mr. Stanton, who owns a milk run, said "an offsider" would be taking care of it for him.*

● *Their families and friends found a secluded corner of the deck to hold a farewell party for Mrs. Elsie Greenacre, of Seaforth, and her sister, Mrs. Florence Dent (right), of Hazelbrook.*

● *Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chaplin, of Strathfield. Some 30 friends and relatives farewelled them with champagne. Mr. Chaplin, a professional golfer, was in England in wartime with the RAAF.*

● *Mr. David Morris, retired apple orchardist, of Little Hartley, N.S.W., and his wife made sure their position at the ship's rails would be seen by their three sons, relatives, and many friends. Mr. Morris had made up his mind on the spot to take the tour when he read about it in The Australian Women's Weekly.*

● *The Rev. H. C. Dunstan, of Waverley, and his wife farewelled their daughter Margaret (centre). Margaret, who is 22, was involved in a Kensington bank robbery last year, when she and several other employees were bound and gagged by bank robbers.*

● *Friends and relatives (left) arranged a festive send-off on deck for Mr. J. Kelly, of Razelle. Mr. Kelly, who is a railway coachmaker, said the tour was "a wonderful idea. You see so much in a limited time."*

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BON VOYAGE WOMEN'S WEEKLY TOUR

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-8 FEB 1967

● The departing P & O liner Himalaya — its full complement of passengers members of our World Discovery Tour — leaves its Sydney Harbor berth bound for the Far East, Britain, and the Continent. More than 3000 people gave the 1250 tourists a rousing farewell, and a giant kite flown from a launch followed the liner with a message displayed in 5ft. letters on its 112ft. tail. The tour will take 18 weeks.

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NEXT WEEK

Hey, girls . . . just LOOK!

★ There are 20 knitting and crochet designs — elegant basics and fun gear — for the cool season ahead in our colorful 16-page lift-out booklet . . .

SWINGING STYLES FOR WINTER KNITTING AND CROCHET

★ You'll see an example of a house that looks *in* — not out — in our **House of the week**

★ SAUSAGES— made at home . . .

. . . with an old-fashioned spicy flavor — delicious!

★ To bring interest and color to the garden when other flowers are scarce, our garden expert suggests FOR SUMMER: FLOWERING BULBS

The knotty problem of between-seasons wear is solved with soft, warm fabric and the patterns in

★ Fashions to span the seasons.

Ballet on tour leads its director a dance

He and his staff are big-time removalists; will guard company of 45 in eleven overseas cities

IN the tons of luggage that will go with the Australian Ballet Company on its second overseas tour, which begins this month, are 2000 pairs of ballet shoes. The prima ballerina, Marilyn Jones, alone takes 200 pairs with her.

The ballet flies to New Zealand on February 12 on the first stage of its tour, which will include appearances in Honolulu, Montreal (in the Grand Salle at Expo 67), and in South America.

Handling mountains of baggage is only one of the problems of taking a big team of 45 girls and young men who must be kept in perfect fitness during swift travelling through widely varying climates and possibly upsetting changes of food in different countries.

Production director Mr. William Akers said: "We're taking 85 percent of all our effects — costumes, scenery, and lighting — on tour.

"If you think that is being over-cautious," he said, "bear in mind that in a single performance of a ballet like 'Raymonda' a ballerina wears out three pairs of shoes, one in each act.

"In addition to the number of shoes we take with us, a Melbourne ballet shop has on record the shoe size and requirements of every member of the company, in case we have to cable an urgent order."

The 4000 ballet shoes will travel in huge wicker baskets, each holding 450 pairs.

Prima ballerina Marilyn Jones has been busy having fittings for her 200 pairs of shoes.

"I get mine from a London manufacturer, and the man who made them died last year," she said.

"It has taken nearly six months to find another pair that is just right, after trying out three different samples.

"I have a high instep, so the front of the shoe has to be high. I also like a hard shoe."

Four hundred costumes — those for "Raymonda" worth $20,000 alone — go on tour with the company.

"Split-second timing is vitally important," said Mr. Akers.

"In Santiago, we finish our last performance at 11 p.m. and have to pack up everything and dash with it to the airport to catch a plane for Lima at 1.30 a.m.

"Otherwise it wouldn't arrive in time to be set up for our next appearance.

"Freight always takes much longer than passengers, because we have to allow for delays at Customs and in local transportation."

Three interpreters will travel with the company at various times. Mr. Akers has taken a "crash" course in Spanish.

"But interpreting is not without its pitfalls," he said. "In Germany on our European trip in 1965, our interpreter spoke excellent English and his native German, but knew nothing about the theatre.

"So explaining technical problems to him became rather a nightmare.

"You have to be ready to cope with anything," he added.

"Only a few hours before we were due to go on stage in Paris we discovered that the voltage of our lighting equipment and the power outlets available in the theatre were different.

"It was a miracle that we ironed out this problem before the curtain went up."

At the Australian Ballet's headquarters in Melbourne, at Fitzroy, the bulletin board is crammed with notes about luggage, injections, passports, and itineraries.

"Travelling by air can be a problem, because it upsets the dancers' sense of balance, and also makes their feet swell," said Mr. Akers. "So they never travel on the day they are performing."

Big first-aid kit

"We have to be prepared for inevitable stomach upsets from changes in food and water in different countries. So we travel with a giant-sized first-aid kit. It has every possible remedy and we take the greatest care about what, where, and when the dancers eat."

The ballet's co-artistic director, Miss Peggy van Praag, has briefed the company fully on packing personal wardrobes for their six-month tour through varied climates. Each member also has a six-page written guide to the places they will visit, including Auckland, Honolulu, Montreal, Vancouver, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Lima, and Mexico City.

There are 60 people in the touring party, 45 of them dancers.

The ballet's promotion staff, headed by Mr. Noel Pelly, has sent off more than 2000 prints of publicity pictures to cities where the company will appear, as well as 25,000 new color prospectuses.

● *Getting the right shoes is a vital problem for dancers. Here in a Melbourne ballet shop Cheryl Mallinson (left), of Black Rock, and Paula Duff, of Toorak, search for the right fittings. Cheryl, 17, is the "baby" of the company.*

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YOUNG DANCERS REJOICE OVER THEIR FIRST TRIP

By BEVERLEY COOPER

● *Overjoyed at the prospects of their first overseas tour, six young graduates of the Australian Ballet School practise vigorously. They join the ballet on three months' probation and will tour with the company in New Zealand. They are, back (from left), Ronald Erceg, Paula Duff, Cheryl Mallinson, and Roslyn Anderson. In front (from left), Lucyna Sawacki and Anne Manger. Lucyna Sawacki, 19, is from Sydney; Ronald Erceg, 23, Perth; Roslyn Anderson, 19, Cheryl Mallinson, 17, Anne Manger, 19, and Paula Duff, 19, Melbourne.*

Sixteen pages long, they have texts in English, French, and Spanish, and will be distributed to overseas business firms, Press, and visitors to Expo 67.

Eight big productions will be taken on tour — "The Display" and "Yugen" (which were specially created for the company by Robert Helpmann), "Raymonda," "Elektra," "Melbourne Cup," "The Lady and the Fool," "Pineapple Poll," and "Giselle."

All performances will be given in opera houses which have their own orchestras, so an Australian orchestra will not need to travel with the company.

But the ballet's principal conductor, Mr. Noel Smith, will fly on ahead of each appearance, after opening night, leaving his assistant in charge, while he rehearses the orchestra in the next city on the ballet's circuit.

"We are very conscious of the fact that we are cultural ambassadors for Australia when we go on tour," said Mr. Akers, "and we know how important overseas appearances are for the country's image.

"But also they impress upon the Australian public that it has a company which can take its place among the international companies of the world."

The ballet's third overseas tour, to Japan and South-East Asia, is in the planning stages for next year

● *Prima ballerina Marilyn Jones gives a final petting to her cat, Sooty, before departure. Sooty will stay with friends while she is away.*

● *In this line-up to receive one of the many injections for the tour from Dr. Alex Marshall are (from left) dancer Bryan Lawrence, prima ballerina Marilyn Jones, and co-artistic director Peggy van Praag.*

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Gossamer: no dull moments

There'll be no dull moments in your life when you know your hair is beautifully held with Gossamer. There are no harsh drying agents in Gossamer—nothing to dull your hair or make it brittle and stiff. Gossamer lets the natural lights in your hair shine through as it holds your hair gently in place.

Gossamer–the holding hair spray that gently cares for your hair

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Australia will see a slim, chic Alex

● Influenced by her husband (who loathes "wishy-washy royal pastels"), Alex is wearing closer-fitting clothes that show off her new slender figure. She looks younger now than in 1959.

● Princess Alexandra and her husband, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, about to leave London on a tour abroad. Their Australian week-long visit, starting on February 24, will be a combined business and pleasure trip.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA is absolutely thrilled to be going to Australia again.

One of her great friends told me when the news was officially announced, "She and Angus are making it a holiday as well as a business trip, and the Princess is so excited about it she rang us up and told us all about it.

"Alexandra planned, after she and Angus were married, to return to all the places she had enjoyed alone on her royal tours.

"Australia was her favorite. It was her first royal tour, when she was young and impressionable."

The Honorable Angus Ogilvy, Princess Alexandra's husband, is going on a business trip and welcomed the chance to take his wife.

It was a promise he made her that one day they would visit Australia together.

"Accompanying Angus will be much more fun and relaxing for Alex than if it were the other way around and he was accompanying her on an official royal visit," their closest friend told me.

Australians will see a great change in Princess Alexandra since she made her wildly successful royal tour of the Commonwealth in 1959.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Although she is older now, married, the mother of two children, she looks younger than ever. She is more elegant and poised, with a lot more assurance, yet with the same sparkling sense of fun.

And because she stays on a very strict diet, the tall Princess now has a model girl's figure.

Her taste in clothes has developed with her new assurance, so that she now shines as a leader of fashion in her own exclusive set.

It is an intimate association and the women are the smartest in London, very much in the public eye. Their husbands, like her own, are all young businessmen.

One of Princess Alexandra's close friends is the young Viscountess Chelsea, a fashion editor of "Queen" magazine.

Another is Janie Stevens, one of the best-dressed girls in London, wife of the owner of the "Queen."

Princess Alexandra, once known as the "off-the-peg" princess, has changed her style of dressing completely.

Her husband has been the greatest influence—far more than her smart friends.

"Angus cannot stand Alex in those wishy-washy pastels royal ladies seem to favor," one of her set told me. "He loves bright colors, and the patterns of materials are sent home to Thatched House Lodge.

"He likes Alex to be dressed in very young clothes. He thought some of her clothes, particularly her coats, were much too heavy."

For the Australian visit Angus looked over the colors she will be wearing. Together they chose them. All are bright, clear, and the very latest of the season. They are Ogilvy favorites—a clear turquoise and such vibrant colors as shocking - pink, sharp apple-green, lots of flame from bright orange to pale nasturtium.

When Angus chose the season's popular sharp yellow Alex put her foot down.

"No," she said, "yellow is the color I wore last time. There will be no repeats."

Her evening choice is pale pink with red.

And because Angus doesn't like a lot of heavy beading on her evening clothes, they are always cut in simple elegance.

When Princess Alexandra gave up "off-the-peg" shopping she looked around for an up-and-coming couturier.

"She wanted someone who would be on the same wavelength as herself," one of her friends told me.

The someone turned out to be Francka, from Yugoslavia.

Twenty - six - year - old Francka, with a couture-boutique in Dover Street, had shown only two collections in London when she received Princess Alexandra as a client.

Francka, being young, tall, and elegant herself, makes only young clothes. "She and Alexandra," to quote a friend, "were soon speaking the same language."

Princess Alexandra's wardrobe will be an extensive one with lots of leisure clothes.

Some are from Harry Popper, who has for a long time made her suits and travel clothes.

The style that she will wear will be the very newest for spring.

She doesn't like the floppy tent coat. With her new slim figure she likes her clothes to fit closely to the body, and the pretty little trapeze, swinging slightly at the bottom, is the version in which she will appear.

Angus Ogilvy may have got his wife out of the "wishy-washy pastels," but he can do nothing about her hats. Being a royal princess, she must still obey the unwritten law that hats must be worn off the face.

She will be wearing the new season's soft beret and probably the small flat helmet. But the sweeping cartwheels, droopy brims, and stetsons are out.

The Princess has also changed her style in shoes. They now have chunky heels and broad toes, the young smart shoes seen in Bond Street. She has discarded the old black pumps.

WILL NOT BRING A HAIRDRESSER

The Ogilvys go to Rangoon — unlike Australia, this is an official visit for Alex — then to Hong Kong, Australia, and, on the way home, the Bahamas.

Princess Alexandra, who usually takes a hairdresser from the Rene salon with her, will not be doing so this time. She will call in the local hairdresser at each place they visit or probably just drop in at his salon. She has thick but fine hair that needs a lot of attention. But she is very clever at doing it herself and has lots of hairpieces.

The Princess wears her hair shoulder-length or a little below, because Angus likes it long. But she sweeps it up for the evening.

Alex and her husband live an enviably happy life. They are devoted to their children, James, nearly 3, and Marina, 6 months. Alexandra, unlike most rich mothers, insists on bringing up the children herself with only one nurse.

She is never seen around at cocktail parties since the baby arrived.

"I like to be home for their bath and bedtime stories," she explains when refusing an invitation.

The Princess understands that her husband has probably had a long and tiring day when he arrives home and she insists that he relax before they go out later in the evening.

Unlike Princess Margaret, whose parties are late and really swinging, Alexandra now likes to entertain at small dinner parties, going on afterwards to the theatre.

Much of their entertainment is in Angus Ogilvy's considerable business interests.

PRINCESS ALEX with her baby, Marina Victoria Alexandra, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, and their son, James Robert Bruce. Marina was born on July 31 last year; James on February 29, 1964.

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EASTWARD HO! Gipsy Moth IV (centre) leaves Sydney Heads, followed still by many craft in an exuberant farewell. Lady Chichester, who accompanied her husband down the harbor, was taken off in a tender; then yachtsmen friends helped hoist the sails before leaving Sir Francis to his lonely ordeal.

SIR FRANCIS AND HIS ARMADA

• Sydney Harbor danced and sparkled as 900 small craft proudly escorted Sir Francis Chichester on the start of the second half of his round-the-world voyage. It was a farewell of a kind to give strength to the 65-year-old newly made knight — he could hardly need more courage. He headed straight into a Tasman gale. Beyond lay the awesome dangers of a rounding of Cape Horn, dangers which only three other lone sailors have survived. And in all the 15,000-mile voyage Sir Francis may never see land before he reaches Plymouth, the port of that other man of Devon, Sir Francis Drake.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

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Advertisement

Insect Pests cannot Survive the Powerful Action of this Safe Aerosol Insecticide Spray

AN important announcement concerning the recent development of a new powerful insecticide that destroys all insect pests, yet it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs or to irritate delicate nasal tissue nor does it contain any of the poisonous hydrocarbons. It is therefore perfectly safe to spray around the home near children, food, and pets.

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Pea-Beu has a powerful umbrella-spreading action which penetrates into every crack and crevice killing all insect pests, and because of its long lasting action, is effective for days after spraying. Short concentrated bursts of the unique umbrella spreading action adequately produce a devastating effect on insects.

At a recent laboratory test it was conclusively proved that Pea-Beu is 50 percent stronger than any other leading brand. Its high concentration means its use in the home is most economical, even though it costs slightly more.

This survey also showed that many people still use the cheap poisonous sprays. In the interests of public safety greater care should be exercised in the selection of insecticides. Pea-Beu aerosol was found to contain no poisonous active ingredients and is guaranteed safe to spray anywhere throughout the home. There is no safer, stronger, quicker killing insecticide than Pea-Beu.

Pea-Beu

Pea-Beu aerosol spray is 50% stronger than any other insecticide! Available at leading chemists and stores.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

I RANG Mrs. Charles La Farge just two days after she and Captain La Farge arrived back in Australia after twelve months abroad. Most of their time away was spent in Rome, where they had an apartment in the older section of the city. Mrs. La Farge told me that her younger daughter, Edwina, came back with them, but their elder one, Antoinette, stayed on in Paris to study at the Sorbonne. In Rome they saw former Sydney resident Mrs. Eleanor Arrighi, and learned that her daughter, Luciana, had just started with Yves St. Laurent in Paris as a model. She also had news of Australian painter Jeffrey Smart, who is living in Rome and has a one-man exhibition, opening at the Redfern Galleries in London, this week.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER traveller who has just returned is Susan Stafford, who has also been away for twelve months. Susan went to finishing school in Switzerland, had two months in London flatting with some Melbourne friends, and then a further four months at a second school in Paris, where she was lucky enough to see the Dior, Nina Ricci, and Lanvin collections. Susan arrived wearing what she describes as a "very mini-skirt" which she bought in London. She says that although these are worn extremely short there, they were not at all fashionable in Paris.

★ ★ ★

IT'S to be a belated christening for three-month-old Christian Nicolai Sally, son of the Acting Consul-General for Denmark, Mr. Peter Sally, and Mrs. Sally. The Sallys expect to go home to Denmark on leave at the end of the year and decided to wait until then when the baby will be christened in Copenhagen, where their families live.

★ ★ ★

BRIEF engagements seem to be the fashion just now. Another one I heard of this week is that of Frances Carey and Tony Cullenward, who announced their engagement, on January 21, and plan to marry on May 4 — three months later. The wedding will take place at St. Alban's Church, Lindfield, and Frances' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Carey, will give a reception for one hundred guests at Windsor Gardens.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the Pied Piper Committee's parade of autumn and winter clothes, on February 15, at the home of Mrs. Bruce Rose at Point Piper.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cavill at the wedding reception at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, which followed their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, Manly. The bride was Miss Robyn Campbell, only daughter of Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Mosman, and of the late Mr. Campbell. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Henry Cavill, of Red Cliffs, Victoria, and of the late Mrs. Cavill. After their honeymoon they will make their home at Seaforth.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Kent leaving St. Augustine's Church, Inverell, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Diana Wyldman, of "Lindon Downs," North Star. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Kent, of "Bachelors Hall," Cambridge, England. A reception was given by Miss Wyldman's stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas E. Whiteman, at the Masonic Hall, Inverell.

HEAR that Peta Cowlishaw received a beautiful string of pearls for her twenty-first birthday from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cowlishaw. She will celebrate the occasion with a belated birthday party on February 11, which her parents will give at their home at Gordon. Among the young guests will be Libby Murray, Kathryn and Rowland Webb, Murray MacGregor, and Ric Harney.

★ ★ ★

I BELIEVE that members of the Wentworth Liberal Social Committee will be up and about almost at dawn on February 18 to decorate the three large marquees that will be set up on the oval at Cranbrook for the garden party in honor of the Prime Minister, Mr. Holt, and Mrs. Holt. Host for the day will be Mr. J. K. Bain, president of the Wentworth Federal Conference of the Liberal Party of Australia.

★ ★ ★

LETTER in my mailbag from the country tells of the novel archway of water-skis under which Patricia and Brian Strudwick walked as they left St. Barnabas' Church, Coonamble, following their marriage. The skis were held by fellow members of the Gungalman Water Ski Club. Patricia, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Harris, of "Nebo," Coonamble, and Brian, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Strudwick, of "Broiga," Coonamble, will live at "Gorey Park," Coonamble.

★ ★ ★

HOW sad it is to have to say goodbye to yet another diplomatic family. The Minister for Denmark, Mr. Neils Stenderup, and his charming wife left on January 29 for New Zealand, where he was to take up his new post in Wellington as Minister. They returned to Denmark before Christmas for a short holiday and then came back to Sydney to pack. Poor Mrs. Stenderup left for Wellington still lamenting the fact that in the rush and bustle she still hadn't sent Christmas cards.

★ ★ ★

I WAS so pleased to hear from Cheryl Fitzgibbons when she rang to tell me of her engagement to Michael Wolf. A formal announcement will be made on February 11 at a party Cheryl's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clem Fitzgibbons, will give for them. Among the one hundred guests will be Wendy Cavanagh, Rosalind Usher, Annette White, Peter McCoy, and Ian McDonald.

★ ★ ★

FASHION honors this week went to a male! By far the smartest guest at a city cocktail party was debonair Roland Hill wearing a light brown silk suit, a caramel-and-white striped shirt, and a regal-purple Brioni tie and matching handkerchief. Perfect touch was the deep red carnation in his buttonhole.

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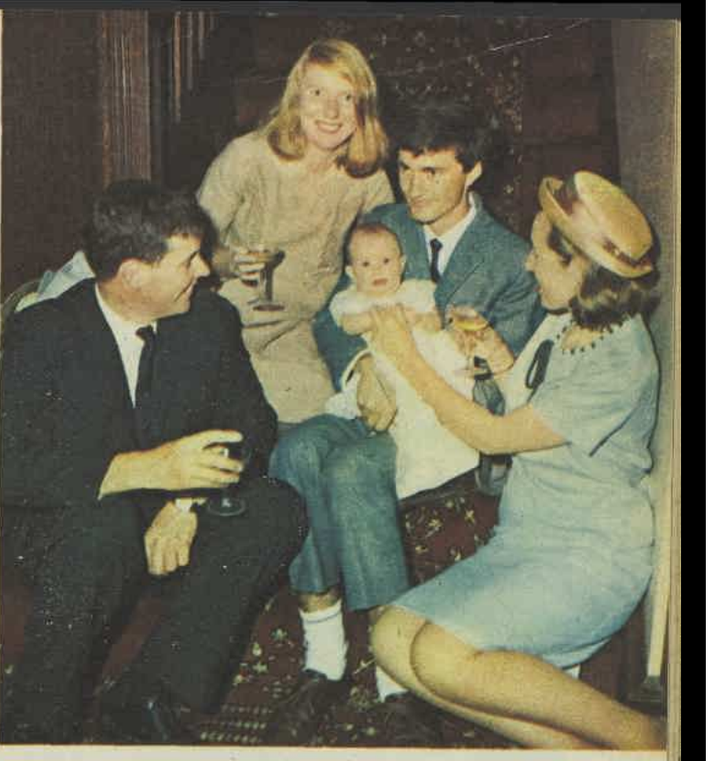
IN ENGLAND. Picture from England of the Hon. Anne Sidney and her fiance, Lieutenant David Harries, RAN, who will marry on June 3 at the village church, Penshurst, Kent. The Hon. Anne is the third daughter of former Governor-General of Australia Lord De L'Isle and of the late Lady De L'Isle. Lieutenant Harries, who is the elder son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. David Harries, of Vaucluse, will sail from England in HMS Galatea in March for the Far East, but will leave the ship in Singapore in May and fly back for the wedding.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Laverty (at front) with their baby daughter, Sarah Kathryn Sylvia, and two of her godparents, Mrs. David Smith and Mr. Richard Lucy, at the party following Sarah's christening at The Garrison Church, Argyle Place. Sarah's third godparent, Mrs. Kerry Gillis, was also at the party, which was held at the home of Mrs. Laverty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lucy, at Killara. The family heirloom christening robe of Limerick lace was sent from England for the ceremony.

JUST ENGAGED. Mr. Ross Shackell and Miss Suzanne Rich, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Rich is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rich, of Pymble. Her fiance is the son of Mrs. A. B. Shackell, of Cremorne, and of the late Mr. Shackell.

AT PARTY. Mr. K. N. Kudesia, Director of the Government of India Tourist Office, Miss Mary Chambers, and Mr. Rush Clark (left to right) at the cocktail party held in the Chart Room at the Carlton-Rex Hotel to mark the commencement of the International Tourist Year in India. There were more than sixty guests at the party.

AT THEATRE. Mrs. John Simms (at left) and Miss Helen McCarthy with Mr. Peter O'Shaughnessy in the AMP Theatrette after the play "O'Flaherty VC," which Mr. O'Shaughnessy produced. Mrs. Simms is president of the ladies' committee of the St. Joseph's College Old Boys' Union, which held a Day of Art and Theatre to raise money for the college bursary fund. Luncheon and a viewing of paintings by three artists followed the play.

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METROPOLITAN AREA ONLY

The boss wears a pink crepe suit

By BEVERLEY COOPER

"IN America, women executives and heads of corporations are taken for granted," said Mrs. Beryl Wilson, who was a little amused at the publicity given to her appointment as one of two Australian trade commissioners for North America.

"I remember that in 1963 a foreign trade plaque was awarded to an American woman in recognition of her contribution to world trade, and no one's eyebrows shot up.

"If any comment was made, it was on her achievement, certainly not on her sex.

"This kind of acceptance of the role of women executives in the business world is not found in Australia, though each time I come home I find the situation changing little by little."

A charming, vital woman in her middle forties, Mrs. Wilson might well be every bit as competent as her male counterparts — but she doesn't wear a grey flannel suit.

Sling-backs

For a crowded day of business engagements during her three months' return to Australia for briefing on her new post, she chose an elegant pink crepe suit to highlight her fair hair and suntan, with a single strand of pearls and matching brooch.

Other fashion touches included a patterned silk scarf hat and chunky-heeled sling-back shoes.

"I've been stocking up on Australian clothes to take back to America — there is a growing interest in our fashions," she said.

Despite living for 20 years in the U.S., and her marriage, now dissolved, to an American businessman, Mrs. Wilson considers herself a complete Australian and has hardly a trace of an American accent.

"I haven't a chance of becoming estranged from Australia, when you think that I talk to Australians the entire working day, and often after hours as well, and I read all the Australian papers only 24 hours after they are printed."

Born in the Sydney harborside suburb of Cremorne, Mrs. Wilson left Australia in 1945, when the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration recruited her from the Department of Air to head a small mission going to China.

She spent two years there, and was on her way to New York to join the newly founded United Nations Organisation, when another job crossed her path and instead she became the first member of the Australian Department of Trade office there.

She has been with that department ever since. In 1961 she became marketing officer in Los Angeles, and in 1963 was appointed assistant trade commissioner, handling general inquiries, in San Francisco.

Now, as one of two Australian trade commissioners in North America (the other is Mr. F. W. Gluth in New York), Mrs. Wilson will open a specialist textile and garment section in Los Angeles, concentrating on the west coasts of America and Canada for markets.

The section handles woollen blankets and carpets, and fabrics for dresses, furnishings, and industry as well as ready-made garments. All these things are becoming important items on the export list to North America.

Mrs. Wilson says that undoubtedly the most distinctive symbol or image for Australian trade-promotion in America is the kangaroo.

"I know this strikes most Australians as being terribly corny, but the Americans are mad about kangaroos and really do associate them with Australia more than anything else.

"The Press dived on our kangaroo fur coats, and anything else made of kangaroo fur, or skin, at a recent trade exhibition in Los Angeles."

Another thing which surprises Americans, and particularly those in the wine-growing State of California, is the quality of Australian wines.

"I serve these at every opportunity," said Mrs. Wilson, who entertains at dinner and cocktail parties "at least two or three times a week."

Her home is frequently the informal meeting ground for visiting Australian manufacturers and American buyers.

"I always make a point of serving Australian dishes — carpet-bag steaks, my old stand-by, are popular, and pavlova with passionfruit topping never fails to cause interest."

Mrs. Wilson is delighted about the move from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

"Of course, I prefer San Francisco as a place to live—it's a superbly beautiful city.

"But . . ." and with her reservation came the revelation of her true executive streak . . . "Los Angeles is busier, more alive, and a much more interesting place to work in."

MRS. BERYL WILSON

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Rosemary puts aside her Alaska parka . . .

. . . AND SHINES HER JUNGLE BOOTS FOR VIETNAM

• Teacher Rosemary Taylor is one of a team of four who leave this month for Vietnam to help war refugees. Her job will be with the children in two camps.

ROSEMARY with jungle boots and rain hat — the gear is a "must."

By MARGARET KERR

ROSEMARY TAYLOR looked out the door of her home in Dillingham, Alaska, one morning and saw the ground was 2ft. under water. The spring thaw had started.

"Home" was a shack she shared with an American girl. It was supported against the floods on barrels and weighted down with iron bars to prevent its taking off when the lashing winds came.

Rosemary had planned to go to the little church not much more than 50 yards away for early Mass. But that water . . .

With the resource that has just landed her a new job — this time in the refugee camps of Vietnam — she jumped on a doorstep that happened to swirl by and propelled herself on it, with a broomstick, to the church.

Anyway, it was a change from slithering across the ice, and the air was fresh and good.

I FIRST met Rosemary Taylor, now 27, when she returned to Adelaide from her second period as a lay missionary in Alaska, and found the experience exhilarating.

She has eyes that seem to chuckle at any amusing thought, and a mind alert to find the fun in things. She has a deep brown, natural complexion and doesn't wear lipstick.

A nice, healthy, intelligent face.

It is her voice that makes you forget she is Miss Taylor and instinctively call her Rosemary. In Alaska even the scamps she tried to teach — and it was sometimes a trying experience — called her Rosemary or Miss Rosemary.

You see, she has a talent for compassion, for loving people, especially those who live in the utmost depths of hopelessness, want, and tragedy.

That talent got her into difficulties with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"I was working at the mission for nothing and the FBI thought I could be up to no good there — spying, I suppose, because Alaska houses America's main defence against the Communist countries.

"They expelled me. I wasn't even allowed to collect my luggage from the base where I had left it 200 miles away."

IT all started when Rosemary finished her Bachelor of Arts degree at Adelaide University and decided to go abroad. She spent a short time teaching in St. Vincent's College, Potts Point, N.S.W., then went to England.

Among the jobs she had there was as research worker at a big psychiatric hospital.

She heard about a Carmelite nun who had permission from Rome to work as a missionary in Alaska if she could get a companion.

"Her plans fell through," Rosemary told me, "but I decided to go ahead with mine.

"I heard about a Russian Oriental Rite priest at Dillingham who wanted a deacon and he couldn't get a man.

"He agreed to take me, but first I had to learn Slavonic to read the lessons in his church."

To learn Slavonic, she went to Belgium and stayed with some nuns in the grounds of a Benedictine monastery, famous as an ecumenical centre, at Chevetogne.

Then she went to Dillingham and had been there as a deacon, cook, and mission worker for seven months before the FBI expelled her.

Back at Chevetogne, in Belgium, she hatched a plot.

"I went to Canada and taught for one semester at a college for adults, then my chance came.

"I caught a bus that crossed the Canadian border into Alaska and a Jesuit priest got me a year's visa to work on his mission at Bethel.

"Alaska is frozen all winter. Communication is by bush plane and radio, or dog-sled for short trips.

"Ships from Seattle bring supplies when the ice breaks."

Rosemary's jobs included grave-digging, especially for children, because there is a high infant mortality in that part of the world — the highest in the U.S.

"You had to use an axe to chop the ground. It was really hard work with the temperature at 30 below zero."

The Eskimos earned money by fishing in summer, but spent most of it on things like alcohol and color cameras.

The women drank out of despair, and often the teenagers who didn't take jobs in the other States — they were not very well qualified — started to drink despite themselves.

Often she spent half the night in a squalid dwelling trying to help, especially the mothers and children. One night she took a whole family, including a young baby, into her own shack and bedded them down.

"Vanilla Martha," a vanilla addict, was one of dozens of women who relied on her.

All this time she kept her sense of humor and produced one of the liveliest scrapbooks, including her own cartoons, I have ever seen.

Then her year's visa ran out.

She came home and her parents hardly recognised her when she got off her plane at Adelaide Airport in a braid- and fur-trimmed Eskimo dress.

She was still trying for that permanent visa.

It eventually came through, but meantime Rosemary thought Vietnam's unhappy civilians were worse off than Alaska's.

In September she applied to the Division of Inter-Church Aid, Refugee, and World Service, of the World Council of Churches and was accepted.

She leaves Sydney on February 17 for Singapore, then Saigon.

She is going to work with a refugee service team at Tuy Hoa, 250 miles north of Saigon.

The Rev. Harvey Perkins, secretary of the division, visited the two refugee camps there recently and said the people were "hopeless and helpless."

Her job will be to lift the children — about 2000 of them in the two camps — out of themselves somehow.

She has been warned this will not be easy.

"I have been told most of the able-bodied men have either been killed or are fighting, willingly or unwillingly, with the Vietnamese Army or the Viet Cong," she said.

"Nine out of ten people have been displaced from their homes. Most are doing the best they can, and it is only the homeless and helpless who have found their way into the camps."

The camps are corrugated-iron shacks and there is an elementary clinic. There is a school in course of erection, but no teachers as yet.

Access is by sea and air only.

Miss Taylor will live in a house in the town with the refugee team. She has to be out of the camp by 5 p.m. each day because "this is a war without battle-lines and there may be Viet Cong sympathisers . . ."

Rosemary is amused at her new jungle boots, ankle-length raincoat, and rain hat like the troops wear, bought from a surplus military store.

She has a guitar to teach simple songs to the Vietnamese children and a book on speaking Vietnamese to prepare her for the six-week intensive course in the language she will have when she arrives in Vietnam.

OFF TO CHURCH on a doorstep for raft, and propelled by a broomstick: It's Rosemary Taylor at Dillingham, Alaska. Her shack's right behind her.

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ABOVE: MANOLI VARGAS dances the Tanguillo Merengue, an Andalusian folk dance with the grandeur of the gorge of Ronda as a backdrop. RIGHT: Jose Greco and his Spanish ballet company take part in Flamenco Square Dance, a collective gipsy dance.

SPANISH DANCING, ROMANTIC SETTINGS

Television

ALL the color and heady excitement of Spanish dancing come to life in the Disneyland special "Von Drake in Spain," which stars the world renowned Jose Greco and his Spanish ballet company.

Romantic places set the scene for some of Spain's famous dances. The Roman ruins of Merida in the province of Badajoz is the locale for one dance called "La Algodra."

Legendary settings like the Courtyard of the Lions in the Alhambra, the patio of the Moorish Alcazar palace, the castle of Manzanares El Real, and the gorge of Ronda provide historic backgrounds for many other dances.

Disney's cartoon character Von Drake introduces the dances and uses an artist's brush like a magic wand in settings that come alive as viewers have a streamlined tour of Spain.

— NAN MUSGROVE

• "Von Drake in Spain" may be seen on TCN9, Sydney, March 19, at 6.30 p.m.; other States later.

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Sydney gets the best of two worlds

Television

By MAUREEN HEYMAN

● *Local treatment of programs gives balance and variety, report executives after a world viewing trip.*

AUSTRALIAN viewers see the best television programs in the world. They get greater variety, smoother presentation, a better balance of programs, and even a better picture.

This is the considered opinion of Ron Haynes and Patrick Condon, two TCN9 executives who have every reason to know what they are talking about.

They returned recently from a four-week viewing spree in Hollywood, New York, and London.

"We expected to be a little awed by programs and techniques," said Mr. Haynes. "We weren't prepared for the hotchpotch of programs.

"For instance, at TCN9 we'd never get away with having a whole night of comedy shows. Yet the CBS network in New York think nothing of doing this.

"And in England it's not unusual to see a zany comedy followed by a harrowing drama, and then possibly a jazz program or a symphony."

Was this such a bad thing, I wondered? Even as I asked the question I realised how much the average viewer takes for granted. We really are a spoon-fed lot.

"Anyone who laughs his head off at a comedy is hardly in the mood to be wrung emotionally," Mr. Condon reminded me. "In Sydney we give a great deal of thought to gauging viewers' moods, and putting on programs that will bring about gradual transitions.

"Our overall aim, too, is different. The British aim to inform and educate viewers, the American aim is to entertain. Our aim is to strike a happy balance."

Most of the live-show productions were in recess when the TCN9 men were overseas, but they met Red Skelton, who was filming in Hollywood. They found him charming, taller, and much younger-looking than he appears on TV.

Red, a very wealthy man, lives on his luxury ranch at Palm Springs with his wife and their daughter, Valentina (the one he often talks about on his shows).

He commutes the 120 miles to Hollywood by plane twice a week. His chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce is always waiting for him at the airport.

It was not long after Christmas when Ron Haynes and Pat Condon visited the Skelton studio, and they found people still chuckling at the Christmas present Mrs. Skelton had given her husband.

After all, what can anyone give a man who has everything? Mrs. Skelton finally gave Red a gift-wrapped tractor.

"I believe he was very thrilled with it," said Ron Haynes, "but everyone believes he will never get around to using it.

"It was still standing outside the ranch, still gift-wrapped, a week or so later."

Skelton also has a home in the Hollywood suburb of Beverly Hills, where real-estate values have skyrocketed.

"We saw a block of land for sale, slightly larger than an average block by Sydney standards," said Pat Condon. "We were staggered to learn that the price was half a million dollars!"

In England they just missed meeting Patrick McGoohan (he was not due back from holidays until the next day), but they met the head of the network responsible for filming McGoohan's new series, "The Prisoner."

"He says it will leave 'Danger Man' for dead as regards tension and excitement," said Ron Haynes.

MOVIES: They are so popular with American viewers that networks are having them made specially for TV.

One of these, "The Killers," is to be shown on TCN9 on Sunday, February 12. It is based on an Ernest Hemingway story and is an updated version of a movie which starred Ava Gardner.

COLOR TV: The programs most enjoyed in color were sporting events.

"Even if you don't understand American football, it doesn't seem to matter," said Pat Condon. "The grass is so green and the gear the players wear so colorful that it has tremendous appeal. But color TV is still so expensive that comparatively few people have it."

PRESENTATION OF COMMERCIALS: The lack of smoothness in inserting the ads into shows was surprising by Australian standards.

It was a common sight, according to the TCN men, to be looking at a show and see someone cut off in mid-sentence for a commercial. Or worse, to be left looking at a blank screen for a few minutes with nothing at all happening.

Both men admitted they had returned home with "a good feeling about Australian television." But they were quick to stress that they were in no way complacent.

"It would be false to say we didn't learn anything from overseas programs and techniques. On the contrary, we learned a lot, whether it was 'what to do' or 'what not to do," said Ron Haynes.

● *Geoffrey Keen (Stead of "The Trouble Shooters") . . . tough but likable.*

● *Patrick Wymark (Wilder of "The Plane Makers") . . . vile but fascinating.*

Tycoons can be so different!

PERHAPS it's just as well "The Trouble Shooters" came to a temporary halt on ABC-TV recently. I've been a dedicated viewer since the first episode, last August, but I was beginning to draw odious comparisons between it and the new series of "The Plane Makers" (TCN9, Mondays, 9.30 p.m.).

"The Trouble Shooters" is the story of Mogul, a vast oil concern; "The Plane Makers" is about the Scott Furlong aircraft factory.

Both give an insight into the world of big business, including the personal problems and emotions of the workers on executive level.

There the similarity ends, due, mainly, to the different personalities of the managing directors.

I've always had a soft spot for Brian Stead, the head of Mogul. Even when he is called on to be tough in a tricky situation, you get the impression it hurts him. He's what you could call a likable man.

Likable is certainly not the word to describe John Wilder, the boss of Scott Furlong. He's shrewd, ruthless, treats his wife abominably, looks on her only as a business asset, and I'm sure he'd stab his own grandmother in the back if it meant pulling off a deal.

Yet he is one of the reasons nothing would drag me away from "The Plane Makers" on Monday nights.

The other reasons are the superb scripts and the flawless acting of the entire cast. Even when Wilder was omitted from a few episodes recently, I remained enthralled at the cat-and-mouse manoeuvrings in the business world. They make a high-class cloak-and-dagger drama look like kid's stuff.

The role of John Wilder is played by British actor Patrick Wymark. He is so convincing that to most people he IS Wilder.

Fortunately, his wife, Olwen, is not perturbed. In real life he is a devoted family man with four children, aged from two to 12.

"At home he is really very inefficient," said Mrs. Wymark. "He's desperately untidy and is usually knee-deep in unanswered letters."

But to get back to "The Trouble Shooters." It has gone off the screen only because the first series is finished. The ABC have high hopes (and so do I), for a second series "sometime in the future."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, when I asked her what a gentleman was and were there any today, "My dear, I think the first gentleman was Sir Walter Raleigh, when he spread his cloak across a puddle so the Queen wouldn't get her shoes soiled. There have been some great gentlemen through the ages, but since women started getting equal rights the art of being a gentleman has steadily declined. The average man thinks if a woman wants to work and vote and drive cars, she doesn't have to be protected. Although there is a new breed called the modern gentleman."

MOMMA'S MORAL: A modern gentleman is a fellow who holds the door open while his wife carries in the groceries.

NO MESSY BLUE BAG WITH BLUO

BE MODERN—JUST SQUEEZE THE AMOUNT YOU NEED!

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Bluo is all pure blue—ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter.

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1 YEAR	$6.90 (£3/9/0)	$8.70 (£4/7/0)	$10.40 (£5/4/0)	$10.50 (£5/5/0)	$13.10 (£6/11/0)

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HOTEL SETTLES INTO SYDNEY SCENE

SEMI-CIRCULAR facade of the hotel, showing the copper eyelid and circular, outdoor Garden Court four floors above street level. Above the court are single and double bedrooms and suites. Each of the 452 rooms is air-conditioned but has a window that may be opened.

● Sydney is sure to take the new Wentworth Hotel to its gay, pleasure-loving heart, for within its red brick walls may be found the essentials of high life — luxury, glamor, and built-in discretion.

The built-in discretion starts with the huge copper eyelid which sweeps down four floors from the Garden Court to ground level, curving out over the footpath to shelter arriving guests; continues into the foyer, where unusual lighting throws down rosy light that makes every woman glow; is recognised in thoughtful touches throughout.

The hotel was designed by a team of American and Australian architects and decorators. They have produced a hotel of unobtrusively splendid luxury with a many-faceted personality.

The main entrance in Phillip Street is the luxury, social part; the Bligh Street entrance, in the middle of Sydney's big business stronghold, is busy, sophisticated, vital. The Qantas Airways terminal is here, surrounded by bars and restaurants.

The Wentworth, still less than two months old, already seems to have become an important part of the Sydney scene.

LOUNGE (right) of the $100-a-day Premier suite. The suite has a bedroom with two king-sized double beds, two bathrooms (one for guests), vestibule, and dining-room, which is also suitable for boardroom and other business meetings. An adjoining kitchenette can serve a dinner.

UNUSUAL FOYER, with marble floors and deep persimmon carpet, is the shape of a capital "T." It has a bank of lifts — all of which are large, carpeted, and have big mirrors — to serve 17 storeys.

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WILDFLOWER MURAL (above), painted by artist Dennis Adams, in the foyer of the gold convention floor. This floor has its own entrance and also has escalators to help businessmen rushing for convention deadlines.

GLAMOR is the keynote (below) of the Garden Court dining-room and lounge, which are separated by a charming 18th-century fountain (at left), originally erected in a formal English garden during the 1720s.

PIANO BAR (below) — a leather bar built around a black grand piano that almost fills the little room, which has crimson plush walls and doors. Pianist John Grant-Best presides and guests can request numbers.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

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What are they doing to our food?

● I suppose we can't help getting emotional about food. There is nothing more essential to health—and life itself.

By PROFESSOR JOHN YUDKIN

This is the second article by Professor Yudkin, Professor of Nutrition and Dietetics at Queen Elizabeth College, University of London, who arrives in Australia on February 20.

At the invitation of the Australian Dairy Produce Board, he will lecture in Sydney, Melbourne, and Canberra on his research into the relationship between sugar and heart disease.

Married, with three sons, Professor Yudkin has eight degrees and is author of the best-seller "This Slimming Business."

SO it is not surprising that everyone has tremendously strong ideas, opinions, and prejudices about what to eat.

This is, no doubt, the reason why there seems to be more and more health foods and health-food stores where, unless I've got it wrong, you can buy foods like compost-grown honey, free-range carrots, stone-ground eggs.

Nowadays, a large and increasing proportion of all food in industrialised countries like Britain and Australia comes through the factory.

Understandably, then, we are concerned, if not worried, about what *they* are doing to our food. We are concerned about the effect of treatments like canning, freezing, and drying on food values.

In particular, we are worried about chemicals added to foods.

But are the concern and worry justified? Do we really understand what we mean when we talk about chemical additives to food? Are they really necessary? In particular, are they dangerous, and, if so, in what way?

We shall go a long way to straight thinking if we stop using the word "chemicals" as if it means something unnatural and immediately suspect.

Everything can be described in terms of chemicals. Everything we see is made up of chemicals. You and I are made up of a host of chemicals. Our food consists of chemicals like protein, fats, mineral salts, and vitamins.

And ever since before history we have added other chemicals to food to preserve it or improve its taste or its color — chemicals like salt, acetic acid in the form of vinegar, essential oils in the form of spices, coloring matter in the form of saffron, or turmeric, or cochineal.

Added chemicals in food get there in three ways:

- Intentional additives, deliberately put there to preserve, color, flavor, or improve the texture.
- Incidental additives that come, for example, from the packaging material.
- Accidental contaminants, which should not be there, and only get into food in sizable quantities because someone has been careless.

Take the last group first. To get good yields of food in a hungry world, at a price people can afford, food must be grown with as little competition as possible from pests and weeds. We can nowadays, with hormone weedkillers, pesticides, and the like, get far greater yields of crops than before.

Moreover, when we've got the food — harvested grain or potatoes or nuts — we must make sure that it is we who ultimately eat it, not weevils, mice, or other pests. So we try to store crops properly, and also treat them with chemicals that kill or deter our competitors.

The chemicals used for this should leave little or no residue on the food.

But not everybody is careful all the time, so we try to make sure that the materials used are harmless, even if some does find its way into food.

But I don't know of any way of preventing some stupid or careless worker using too much of a chemical, and so giving contaminated food.

Very rarely, accidents do happen—just as with a friend who sprinkled scouring powder in her soup instead of salt. Because of such risks, farmers are increasingly being made to use pesticides and weedkillers that will cause no harm, even if badly used.

We can, of course, ban the use of all such chemicals in food production and storage. If we do, it looks as if we shall reduce the amount of food by 25 percent or even as much as 50 percent. And remember that far more illness—even deaths—occurs from the activities of careless and unhygienic cooks than from those who carelessly and stupidly use pesticides, weedkillers, and the like. Does anyone suggest that we should shoot all the cooks?

With intentional and incidental additives, again remember that our ancestors always had to guard against seasonal food shortages as best they could. They only had primitive and unreliable methods like drying, salting, pickling, or smoking.

I say primitive and unreliable, because they did not, for example, prevent almost regular hunger and deficiency disease from occurring in Britain, some 300 or more years ago, each spring, before the new growth of pasture and harvest.

Today we can preserve far more reliably in a number of ways.

Partly these are mainly engineering processes, such as canning, freezing, or dehydration. But partly they are much more reliable methods of preserving foods chemically than our ancestors had.

We can now prevent fats from going rancid. We can preserve the attractiveness of food that would otherwise be discarded, though still wholesome; we can, for example, prevent vinegar from going cloudy or mayonnaise from separating into an oily mess.

But not all chemical additives are preservatives. Some are colors and flavorings used simply because people will not eat food that does not taste well or look attractive. And food that is not eaten has no nutritional value.

Almost all flavoring agents are naturally occurring substances like spices or extracts of them, and this is also true of several coloring agents.

Use of preserved and prepared foods produced with the aid of fertilisers, pesticides, and other means is an essential feature in industrialised society, with its high and growing standard of living.

First, the vast majority live in towns, away from the land, so that we could not possibly grow our own food.

In Britain we are unable to grow more than half the food needed. That we have excellent food, in enormous variety, all through the year and from all over the world, we owe to modern methods of food production, preservation, processing, and manufacture.

Secondly, while we do not always use it intelligently, we now have much more time to devote to other pursuits that contribute to living standards. If we had to live only on fresh foods, produced and preserved with no addition, we should have our work cut out simply to get enough to eat.

Food would cost vastly more, and we should be back to the "good old days," with ever-recurring hunger and malnutrition.

So it is difficult to see how we could now continue without using baking powder for cakes, small amounts of vegetable gums to give smooth ice-cream, stabilising substances for mayonnaise, and citric and other fruit acids for drinks.

Who determines which chemical substances can be added to foods?

A comprehensive system of law and inspection looks after all foods. First, there is the important overall law that no substance may be added to food if it is known to be harmful.

In addition, there are lists of preservatives and colors that may be added to food in regulated amounts because they are considered safe; no other preservative or color may be used.

Of course, the situation is not perfect. Government and international committees are constantly reviewing it, but their task is not easy.

The truth is that it is practically impossible to prove that a chemical is harmless.

Just think for a moment. Supposing I said categorically that I believe salt or sugar or potato or cauliflower is harmful.

Not immediately poisonous, but people eating one of these for 20 years or more, let us just suppose, are more likely to get cancer

Just how would you prove that this was *not* so? In fact, I have included sugar in these examples, because recently there has been evidence that sugar, taken over many years in the large amounts that so many people do, may be one of the causes of coronary thrombosis.

But if this turns out to be true, the proof will have taken the efforts of hundreds of scientists, all over the world, over a period of 15 years or more, at a cost of tens of millions of dollars.

So one has to be as careful as possible, choosing only chemicals that, from years of usage or after very careful experiments, appear to be safe.

As soon as there is the slightest evidence that a chemical might be harmful, it has to be prohibited — and it always is.

Sometimes this happens even although the evidence is very slight and indirect.

If the smoking of fish and meat were introduced as a new method today, instead of thousands of years ago, I am pretty certain it would be forbidden because some chemicals produced in smoke could perhaps be harmful to health. Certainly, no one has yet *proved* that these chemicals are harmless.

There are two separate aspects of food and health—public and private.

As to the public health aspect: Do the authorities take sufficient care to ensure that modern methods of production and preparation give us food as wholesome as it can be?

This is something the individual must accept, for governments and their advisers are very conscious of the need to protect the public from any possible hazard.

Any unbiased observer must agree that the authorities in any civilised country exert the utmost care and vigilance about food standards.

The second aspect concerns private and individual choice: Are we choosing food in a way that adds up to the best diet for health and nourishment? Here certainly many have room for improvement, especially if we are eating and drinking a great deal that is rich in carbohydrate, and especially sugar.

One thing is certain. We cannot, now, at this stage, give up using chemicals in food. What we can do, and are doing, is to keep a constant watch on the situation through scientific bodies, government committees, research laboratories, and international exchange of information.

As a nutritionist, I am certainly concerned about the situation. Equally certainly, I am not worried.

In 1424, the merchants of the City of London petitioned King Henry VI to forbid the addition of chemicals to ale. If the petition had succeeded, we should never have had beer, for hops were being put into the ale.

"We cannot now, at this stage, give up using chemicals in food"

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SWITCH-GIRL REMEMBERS VIENNA

● "Parkhotel Schoenbrunn — guten Tag." Oh for a schilling for every time I said that from my Viennese hotel switchboard! I realise only now what a strange job it was for an Australian.

By WENDY GWYN WILLIAMS

— now Mrs. John Duffy, of Nedlands, W.A., whose fluent German got her a job as telephonist in a luxury hotel in Vienna.

AUSTRALIAN guests often came to see me at work, and they would get permission from the manager to take me for coffee sometimes, sometimes a meal, and sometimes a *bath!* For this permission they would all use the same alibi: "We're friends of her family back home."

They were all so kind they made me feel as though I really did belong to a large family — of eleven million.

The main problems with the language were numbers (they say four-and-thirty, not thirty-four), telegrams (using a new alphabet — A for Anton, B for Berta, etc); and *dialect!*

The local dialect is gay, musical, and so different, for the Viennese have little interest in anything dull like grammar! Viennese German could be considered as bad as cockney English, and I was hoping that living in Vienna would finish off my German — *it did!*

However, some call it "the artists' German." If it was good enough for Johann Strauss it's good enough for me.

This is how it all happened.

I had wanted a long break from teaching, and was looking for another kind of job.

A little "miracle" of the variety one associates with Rome happened for me. Having lit a candle at a shrine to St. Anthony, I went to a coffee shop and sat opposite a charming Viennese lady, wife of a distinguished official in the Ministry of Labor.

We chatted together, and she took me to see her husband at Parliament House.

There I was given encouragement and practical assistance.

I was also given two points of advice: Do not take the first position offering; and be sure of salary and conditions — be firm. Had I been sensible and taken this advice I would probably never have worked in such an interesting place as Parkhotel.

This is one of Vienna's finest hotels, originally the Emperor's guest house, situated near the summer palace of Schoenbrunn.

Although the property had belonged to the Huebner family, I believe it is now owned by the Town Council, but the brothers Huebner are running it.

The elder is the Herr Doktor — I never knew what he was doctor of, or why, but always used this form of address. The younger, Wilhelm, generally known as Der Willi, seemed to a bewildered me to have all the responsibility for Parkhotel and yet very little authority.

I suppose it has always been like that for younger brothers, even in the royal families of Europe; Australians differ, for the younger ones tend to get more of everything.

On the first day I was kindly advised, "Always remember this is Austria, not Australia. Here the slightest thing can lead to a fit of temperament. When it does, never take us or anything we say seriously — because we don't, and what's said is as soon forgotten."

Whenever the Herr Doktor's displeasure was passed down the levels of the staff (they have a saying, "Everyone must have someone to wipe his shoes on"), we would all in turn be affected.

First Der Willi, who would pass it to Herr Direktor Rakowitz with an angry exchange and exit. Herr Pilz would then be blamed and would pass it down, and down. There were often quite disastrous results when the rebuke reached the kitchen, where it was noisiest and could ruin the cooking.

Although I had no one under me to "wipe my feet on," I was rarely upset, because this had all been explained to me in advance, so it was possible to be amused.

Dr. Huebner also conducted various other businesses, and every day there would be calls from one or another of these establishments: "Is the Herr Doktor there?" I'd only have to feel the local atmosphere to deduce an accurate answer.

Every shift at the switchboard involved international calls. Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, London were commonplace; calls for Tokyo, San Francisco, Cape Town were not rare. Imagine my excitement the day the overseas exchange said, "A call from Sydney, Australia, for a Mister Hahree Yensen. Spelt J for Josef, E for Emil, N for Norbert, S for Siegfried, E for Emil, N for Norbert."

While I was searching for name and room number on my lists, a guest rang down.

"How d'you get the wireless going up here?"

"It's not working yet, I'm sorry. . . . Are you Australian?"

"Yeh, why?"

"So am I. And there's a call from Sydney for a Mr. Harry Jensen—is that you?"

"No, but he's the Lord Mayor of Sydney, isn't he?"

That solved the problem, and we found Mr. Jensen at a luncheon in the dining room. I put the call through for him and, to the amusement of my colleagues, held the cord in my hand—after all, it was Australia on the line!

I was lapsing into homesickness when the other Australian guest came down to see me. I asked Heidi (whose name pleased him very much because it was a dinkum Austrian) to relieve me for a while at the switchboard, and we went into the empty Winter Ballroom and were soon talking Australia over some wine. The two grandly uniformed men

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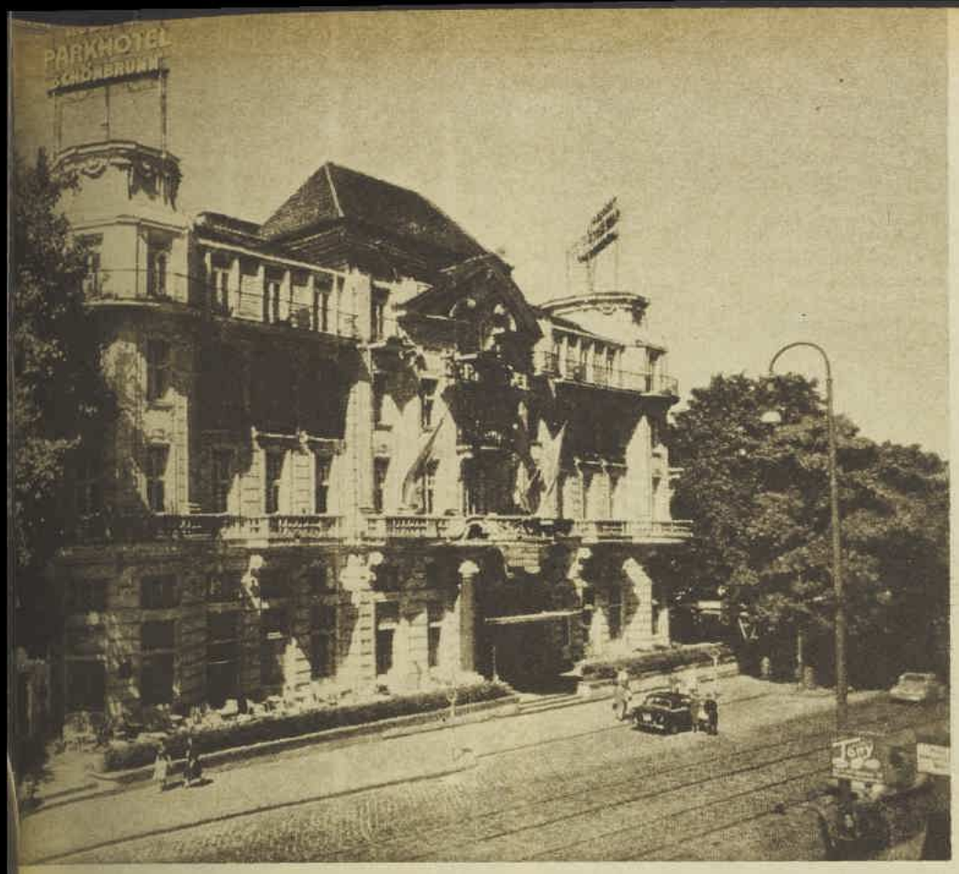

PARKHOTEL Schoenbrunn, formerly the Emperor's guest house, on the edge of a magnificent leafy park on the outskirts of Vienna.

The band played "Matilda" ("it isn't a waltz") to a very homesick girl

bers of the staff appeared and angrily reprimanded the guest for "fraternising with an employee."

Fortunately I was allowed to explain that it was my fault; as a homesick Australian I was enjoying exchanging the latest news from home with a fellow countryman, and had Direktor Pilz's permission. They bowed, beamed, and left with the traditional handshaking ritual and a bewildered Aussie saying, "What was all that about?"

Australian tourists were popular with everyone, but they are not perfect tourists; they are far too excited, naive, and homesick for that. They generally came with the coach tours, but I remember one farming couple from New South Wales who were private guests.

They were kind and cheered me up considerably by saying that they envied me because, although they had every luxury, they had left it too late in life and were not enjoying Europe as they should. Tiredness kept them in their room so much that they felt they might just as well be in a Sydney hotel.

However, these Australians did question the meal arrangements that had been made for them, and their accent was so broad that I thought translation might be necessary. (Australians generally speak so slowly and deliberately that my colleagues claimed to understand them better than any other English - speaking people.) The conversation at the desk ran something like this:

Farmer: Excuse me, please, but could you explain how these meal vouchers work out?

Herr Direktor: Certainly, sir. With us you have your breakfast and one other meal each day. Should you have lunched with us and desire dinner here also, that would have to be charged extra.

Farmer: Thanks very much. You see, the man in London told us all meals were included, so I just wondered. *(To his wife:)* I think I'd better write to that man in London and tell him about it. The poor bloke will be telling people "all meals included," so I'll let him know the score.

The Herr Direktor seemed touched by this, and said that it was refreshing in this day and age to meet people as sincere and trusting as the average Australian, and anyone who took advantage of them should be shot . . . That's what he said.

When Australians arrived in the European coach tours, what was for them such an exciting experience was to me just routine. They were seeing Vienna with the trimmings of riches, while I saw it as a worker — and I'm sure I loved it more.

The same coach crews (guide and chauffeur) returned every three or four weeks with another load of tourists, and I got to know their moods.

A French guide had the knack of creating the happiest atmosphere. He'd always give his tourists a brief talk on their plans in Vienna in the main hall on their arrival — a talk which made us all want to down tools and join them at any price, even though he said the same thing word for word every time. The tourists never knew how lucky they were to be in his group.

The Polish guide was a real character, petulant and arrogant one minute and charming the next. He would arrive like a whirlwind and in ten minutes had Parkhotel and, per telephone, the Austrian Tourist Bureau in a frenzy.

He would argue, cancel long-standing bookings, make impossible demands, and usually end up doing exactly the same as he'd done before. When everything was finalised he'd go into the ballroom and play the piano — and would be forgiven.

One night, after he had played some Chopin masterfully, he passed us where we had all been standing entranced — in Vienna no one can really work when there is good music. I found myself saying, "Thank you. Your music was wonderful." He replied simply, "It ought to be. It is my life."

Some customs I found hard to accept; for example, the giving of flowers to men as well as women. And the *tipping*.

The staff had a "kitty" for tips, but our accountant warned me to keep at least some of the money back. I couldn't, not for any noble reason but just because I felt too proud to be cheapened like a beggar.

Sometimes it seemed wrong to be helpful, because it might be just another form of begging. And it wasn't the people you'd work and worry for who would tip, but a passer-by who'd made one call, or like the Soehnker family of film stars, for whom I sent one telegram and from whom I received 50 schilling—about $A1.70.

I still used the kitty, and would occasionally be given a token portion. One evening, the day before payday, I had spent my earnings and was hungry, thirsty, and desperate when Rex Gildo, the German pop singer, left a 10-schilling (A33 cents) tip.

I went to put it in the kitty to avoid temptation. He saw me. "What are you doing?" "Our kitty," I tried to explain.

"Oh," he said, "I've never seen the other telephonists use it. Don't be silly, keep it for yourself."

Well, they say, "The customer is always right," so I had sandwiches and coffee and began to be a little more sensible with Austrian money and even managed to go to a film—starring Rex Gildo.

Some customs I liked: the music, the charming old-world manners, and the costumes—the colorful uniforms and frocks. And I enjoyed watching the guests and noticing little national habits.

The English managed to see all the right things, the right people, at the right time, with enviable calmness.

By contrast, a bus-load of Japanese arrived one evening, full of childlike enthusiasm, and in two hours had studied every inch of Parkhotel and were ready to explore the city. We were asked to identify all the hotel's portraits of the Emperor Franz Josef, etc., and were amused to see them scrutinise the carpets, desks, and wallpaper as Sherlock Holmes might have done.

The Americans! I do like Americans—I'm sure we all do really—but not as tourists. Yet who can blame them? They are charged three times as much for everything and obliged to tip like princes. So it's hardly surprising that their reply to "Hope you have a pleasant trip" is "Sure, I've paid enough for it."

Humanity is strange — those who give the most are often held in least regard, and the American tourist is one such unfortunate.

Also, away from home many of them are completely lost (some people said it was due to automation; without a gadget for doing everything they could do nothing).

Often I would be asked, "What's today?" "The first of August." "No, is it Monday or Tuesday or what?"

. . . Or, "Is there a five o'clock dance tonight?" "Yes, sir." "What time does it start?" "Five o'clock, sir."

While these poor folk were slowly driving me mad at work, their fellow countrymen resident in Vienna were helping to keep me sane. One or another would ring me of an evening, and on days off we would meet for a chat at the home of an American girl married to a Viennese lawyer.

We had to speak German at their place, for their three-year-old daughter was not to be confused with languages. Sharon said once, "Next year we'll be starting her off with English, and she'll see quite another side of my character.

"Instead of having to use the German phrases I know, like, 'Come, now, mother's little treasure, we're going for a lovely drive,' I'll be able to say, 'Get into the car quick or we'll go without you.' Oh, there are so many things I can't say to her in German, and Rudi seems to think it's just as well."

We always found a lot to laugh about, and my tourist anecdotes were among these.

The best anecdote was told by Herr Gnedt, the normally helpful hall porter. An American woman had looked at the various framed pictures of Vienna on the wall and pointed to one of the Opera House and asked, "What's that?"

"That, Madame, is our Opera," he had replied (with a bow, I imagine, out of respect for the Opera House — almost sacred to the Viennese).

"Oh, that's where I want to see the white horses."

"Madame, you're thinking of the Spanish Riding School. This is our Opera!" (They rarely say "Opera House"; it is *Oper* in German.)

These exchanges continued for some time, and still she asked, "I've come all this way to photograph them there — why aren't they there?"

And his desperate reply had been, "Well, Madame, because our horses can't sing!"

I enjoyed the staff's friendliness. One evening the little orchestra in the luxurious Bijou Bar played "Waltzing Matilda" for me. It was empty at the time, except — to quote the violinists — for "the family of the house," the staff.

Overcome, I forgot my German completely and kept saying, "Thank you, thank you!" until asked, "Why is it called 'Waltzing Matilda' when it isn't even a waltz?"

Many of my friends who rang of an evening were my fellow workers at the Overseas Telephone Exchange. They were interested in Australia and I'd be asked all kinds of questions.

That night I was telling Exchange those ridiculous elephant jokes (received in a letter from home) and became aware that our Reception staff were enjoying them, too. I turned to see Herr Direktor Rakowitz, Herr Pilz, Der Willi, and Herr Doktor Huebner — and froze.

Heidi asked me to inquire the cost of a call to Madrid. I did, and somehow ended off the conversation. Then I went to Heidi to ask for details of the call so I could book it.

She blushed. "I just wanted to prove that you were talking to the Overseas Exchange — no one here would believe me."

I wondered whether there was some rule against this, but the smiles all round were reassuring and led to a comment from the Herr Doktor: "I've often wondered whether there were real people in there. They always sound like machines — can they really say more than 'What number, please?' "

"Yes, Herr Doktor, and they're very interested in Australia."

"It would take an Australian to bring them to life!"

My wireless is playing some beautiful Mozart, and in true Viennese style I must stop and listen. The pleasure I have had in remembering has, I hope, been shared with you.

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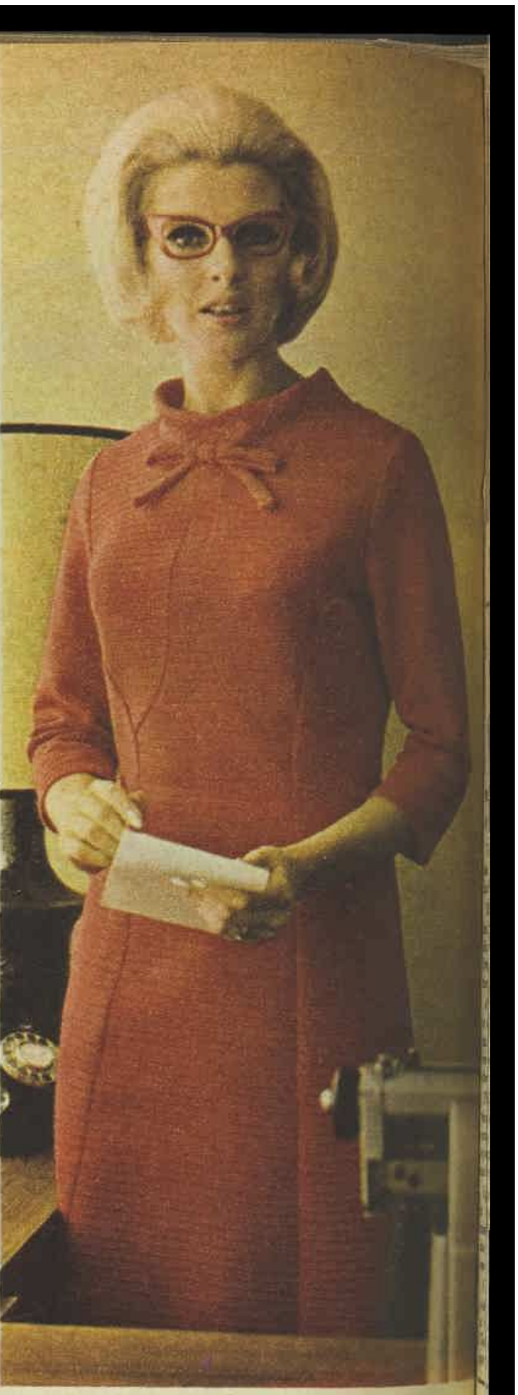

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● This Shinto shrine is a strange setting for hi-fi.

HI-FI 'WORSHIPPER' ENSHRINES MODERN JAZZ

BACHELOR Darrell Bernard Lea, of Kogarah, N.S.W., a hi-fi enthusiast, has housed his equipment in a unique and extremely valuable setting—a Japanese Shinto shrine.

The intricately carved shrine, resplendent in black lacquer and gold leaf, is mounted on three large black-and-gold steps, and takes up practically the whole of one wall in the lounge of Mr. Lea's flat on top of his family's chocolate factory.

The hi-fi set was custom built into the steps of the shrine for Mr. Lea. Asked if he used the set to play traditional Japanese music, he laughed, and then played a tape. It was modern jazz.

Mr. Lea saw the shrine in a shop in Kyoto, Japan's old imperial capital.

Very valuable

"It was one of the most beautiful pieces of traditional Japanese art that I had seen in Japan," he said. "I just had to buy it."

He pointed out the intricacies of the carvings on the doors of the shrine and the detail under the eaves of the multi-storeyed roof.

The shrine itself was not very old, he said, but its design dates back many centuries. The black lacquer finish, done by hand over several months, and the gold leaf decoration make it very valuable.

For the centrepiece, Mr. Lea bought a delicately carved piece featuring two miniature buddhas.

"I think it's pretty old," he said. "They didn't really want to part with it."

Decoration only

Shrines of this size and elaboration were found only in the homes of wealthy Japanese, Mr. Lea explained. A compact, portable shrine, about 1ft. high, was used "in the working-man's home."

Mr. Lea has also collected a tiny statuette of a Japanese fire god and another of a seated buddha, and they now adorn the steps of the shrine, while at each side of the doors are vessels bearing imitation fruits, symbols of the offerings made at the shrine.

"Don't make me out to be a Shinto worshipper, though," Mr. Lea said. "The shrine is just for decoration — and my hi-fi."

He believes the shrine to be the only one of its type and size in Australia. "But I did hear that President Sukarno has bought one and converted it into a bar."

● A flower design decorates each door panel.

HAS YOUR MIND WANDERED LATELY?

● *It all seems very personal, but has your mind left your body lately?*

This doesn't refer to daydreams but to the feeling that your mind, tired of your body's company, has taken off on a short solo "flip around."

The Psychophysical Research Unit, at Oxford, England, is conducting a search for people who have had this experience. They sent out 300 questionnaires to Oxford University students and received 20 affirmative replies.

One typical case was of a patient, who felt that he had left his body while on the operating table. He was later able to tell the surgeon of things he had seen during the four-dimensional trip that he couldn't otherwise have known.

The BBC London Letter, which reported this phenomenon, does not say where the patient's mind went, but just imagine if it looked in on the operation before returning "home!" It could have been frightened away for ever!

Of course, having a mind that could toddle off on its own would be very handy. You could send it off window-shopping, or in search of bargains at the sales. But then again, what if your mind met someone else's and decided to stage a swop?

In any case, the London Letter said that the Oxford people are very keen to hear of such experiences — so if you have ever left your body, drop a line to "Science and Industry," BBC, London, and they will pass on the information to the Research Unit.

COMPACT

■ They had to come, of course — jewels that you can throw away.

Circles, squares, and ovals are pasted on to the skin to shape glittering necklaces, bracelets, and rings. Some young American fashionables stick them on cheeks, foreheads, and knees, while one party-girl put two under her eyes like teardrops.

The idea was "stolen" from an American artist, who used the plastic-covered aluminium motives in his work to catch the light, refract it like a prism and give a sense of movement.

His wife and her friends began using the forms to decorate themselves.

They found that the adhesive backing would stick to skin, hair, and clothing as easily as it did to canvas.

Lace robe makes family history

● Christine . . . at her christening in 1947.

A 50-YEAR-OLD christening robe, crocheted by a Scottish lass of 17 at Inverness, has crossed the oceans between Australia and Scotland three times to bind together three generations of a family.

The robe was made by Mrs. S. H. Taylor, now a great-grandmother living in Streaky Bay, S.A., and is still in her possession.

Only slightly yellowing after half a century of use, the 4ft.-long robe is made up of 33 strips of lacework.

"So many babies have worn this old robe to receive their baptismal names," Mrs. Taylor said, "including two of my granddaughters now living in Sydney."

Mrs. Taylor never thought the garment she had begun with so little enthusiasm during World War I would accumulate such a long and exciting history.

"Although my late mother and my sister, both Scotswomen, were talented knitters," she said, "at 17 I had little interest in such things."

Finally, her mother's nagging had its effect. "I picked up a ball of crochet cotton — then 3c a ball — two small needles, and, with not much enthusiasm, began.

"However, I soon became engrossed in the work, making strip after strip, often by lamp or candlelight far into the night, then sewing them all together. It was my mother's idea to turn them into a christening robe.

She forgot

"Scarcely was the last stitch knitted when I had to enter the women's Services—first WRAF of World War I days. I had then turned 18. The robe was left at home, and, caught up in Service life, I forgot all about it."

Before demobilisation the Scottish lass met and married an Australian soldier, and later they travelled to Australia to make their home.

Just before the birth of their first child, in 1920, a package arrived from Scotland. It contained the robe, completed by the mother, together with a pink silk slip and ribbon, and a quilted satin cloak which Mrs. Taylor had worn at her own christening in 1899.

Both garments were used for the christenings of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor's first two children.

When Mrs. Taylor's sister had her first child in Scotland, in 1927, Mrs. Taylor sent the beloved garments back to Scotland for the new baby's baptism.

En route, however, the package containing the garments was seriously damaged.

"The robe, soaked in sea water, was mildewed and stained by the blue quilting of the cloak," Mrs. Taylor said, "and the latter was a complete write-off."

Special use

Fortunately, by careful washing and bleaching on snow-covered lawns, the robe was saved. A new slip was made for it and they were returned to Australia.

Years later, a very special use was made of the robe. A strip of lace was taken off and tied to the wedding bouquet of the bride of Mrs. Taylor's second son.

The next time the robe was worn was at the christenings of this couple's two daughters — and now the elder daughter, Christine, 19, is soon to be married, and the robe is ready to serve yet another generation of the Taylor family.

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(& YOUR NAILS WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!)

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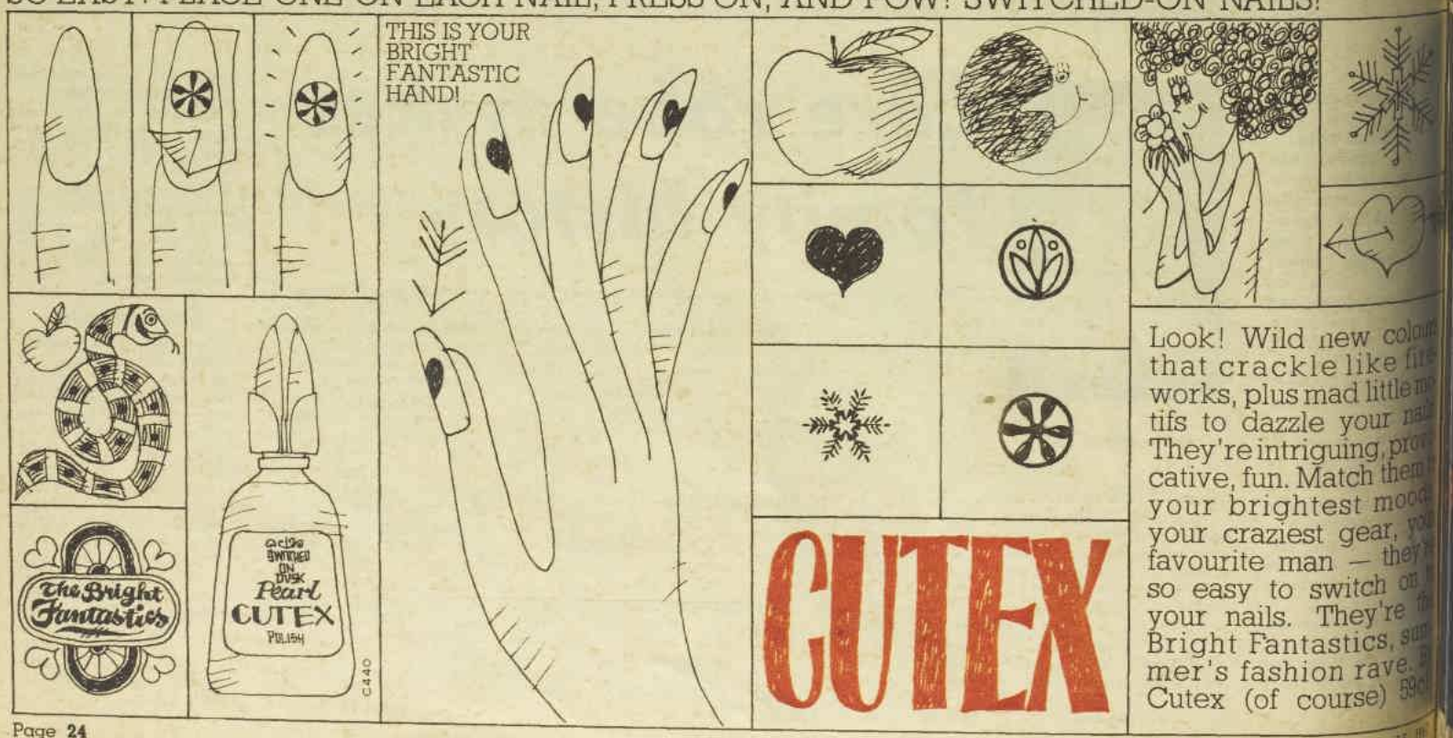

Look! Wild new colours that crackle like fireworks, plus mad little motifs to dazzle your nails. They're intriguing, provocative, fun. Match them to your brightest mood, your craziest gear, your favourite man — they're so easy to switch on to your nails. They're the Bright Fantastics, summer's fashion rave. By Cutex (of course) 59c

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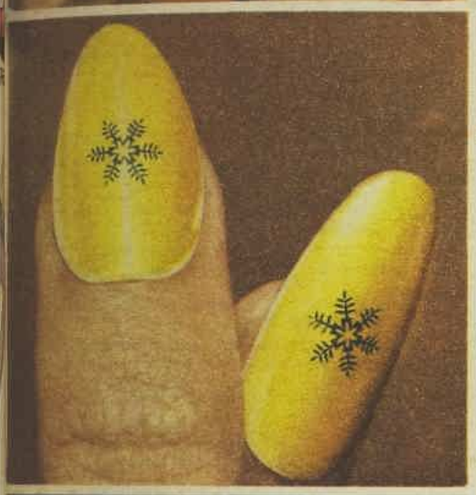

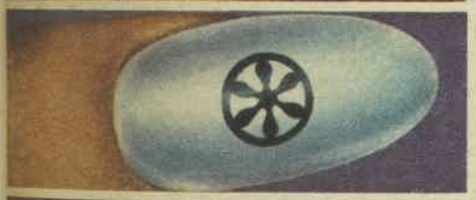

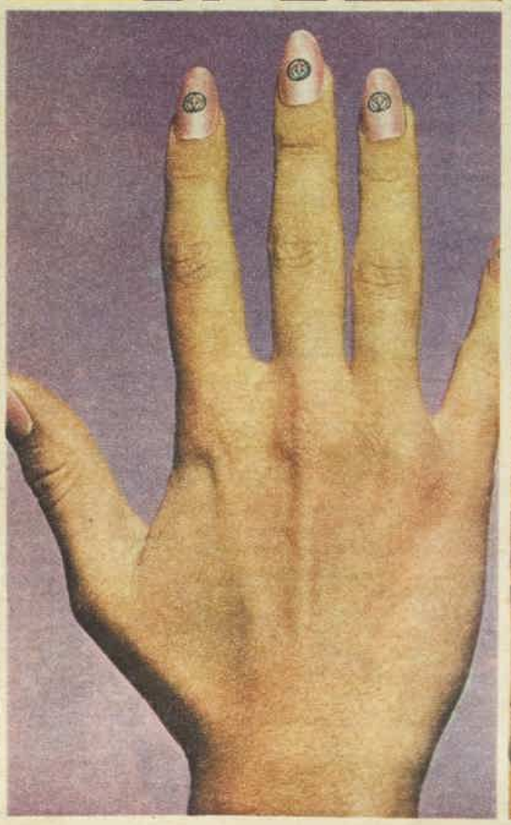

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give feet new life

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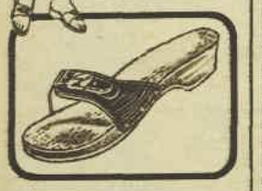

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A world-renowned foot specialist has designed a fashionable scuff sandal that does wonderful things for your feet. Unique, built-in toe grip causes your feet to exercise correctly as you walk. It's completely natural, spontaneous and so beneficial. These Scholl sandals strengthen and revitalize foot muscles and arches, check the tendency to corns, callouses, bunions and stimulate your feet to a fitter, healthier condition. Help slim legs and ankles, too. These sandals go great with any casual outfit. They look good, feel good and do good. Overseas, women from teenagers up are wearing them at every opportunity. Get a pair today and discover a new experience in foot comfort.

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.. and now it is so easy to become Slim!

No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises; no hunger. You eat normal food . . . and simply take three A.S.T. tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

A.S.T. tablets cost $1.25 for 14 days supply—control your weight for 9 cents a day! From Chemists only!

A·S·T AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS

Second—or first—half

"ONE WAY" said she likes the second half of her life best. I feel the same way and enjoy every minute of mine. I work in an office, knit for my grandchildren, look after my unmarried son, and still have time to play bridge, do my own dressmaking, and sleep in at the weekends. The first half of my life was not really happy. I did not understand myself or others. I now have a philosophy and look more attractive and feel better than I did 20 years ago.

$2 to "Grandma Evie" (name supplied), Nundah, Qld.

★ ★ ★

SURELY the happiest half of a woman's life is when her children are young and under her guidance. This is the only time they are really hers; when she knows exactly where they all are, when they are dependent on her for sustenance, love, and understanding. During this period her worries may be many, but the rewards, as she watches her children develop, more than compensate.

$2 to "Grannie" (name supplied), Syndal, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHO in their right senses would ever again go through the agonies, uncertainties, doubts, and embarrassments of youth? Grey-haired and of uncertain age, it worries me not at all that people may not like me, that I may not make a good impression, that my possessions, clothes, and household fittings may be different from those of other people. I don't think I'm a failure if I'm not invited out on Saturday night, or disgraced if I'm left to spend New Year's Eve alone. The idea of being 30 appalled me, but the idea of reaching 60 doesn't mean a thing.

$2 to "Relaxed" (name supplied), Sylvania, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I AM glad I enjoyed having my children around me and sharing their childhood joys. But now I have fun and pleasure with my grandchildren, and still have time to knit, sew, garden, and read, as well as help others. So I am also enjoying the second half of my life.

$2 to Mrs. I. Peirce, Maroochydore, Qld.

Whinging children

I DISAGREE with N.F.A., who said that a "whinging" child should be ignored. In many cases this causes the child to become worse, trying harder and harder to get his mother's attention. A quiet remark such as, "It's all right" or "Up you get," in a matter-of-fact voice, assures him that there is nothing to worry about, and that Mother is there if he really needs her.

$2 to "Rona" (name supplied), Paynham, S.A.

★ ★ ★

BY giving children a little comfort at times of not so urgent need, you give them the knowledge that you will be standing by when they really need you.

$2 to Mrs. J. Lane, Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Plea for widows

I DO not write this in complaint, but rather to tell those with a widowed parent that their greatest gift is a little extra warmth of feeling. I believe that in most cases they do not realise the awful need. The other person probably is to blame for displaying a false brave front in an effort to avoid being too dependent. I don't know. No matter how busy or interested in the affairs of others and the public one is, loneliness is so much a part of widowhood. No doubt we become over-sensitive when we have no one left who believes we are the most important person in the world.

$2 to "Whose Mistake?" (name supplied), Sydney.

Ingenuity of women

AS one of your male readers, I never cease to be amazed at the ingenuity of women. In running the home they are masters, in the garden they all have green fingers, and as for time-saving tricks — they have enough to fill a dozen books. I'm sure that if the ladies of the land had been in charge, the Sydney Opera House would now be finished, and at half the original suggested cost!

$2 to "Well Done" (name supplied), West Heidelberg, Vic.

Perplexed parent

CHILD-GUIDANCE experts claim that good parents answer their children's questions with honesty and without embarrassment. I'd like to know how one of these experts would reply, in terms simple enough to be digested by a five-year-old, to such questions as, "What keeps your brains from slipping down?" "Why is that mountain there?" and "What are eyes made of?" I often find my daughter's questions embarrassing and difficult, either because I can't explain the answer suitably or because I just don't know.

$2 to Mrs. Elayne Magers, Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Practical father

THE letters about makeshift irons reminded me of my father's ingenuity and economy during a winter car-trip when my sister and I were very young. We were to sleep overnight in the car, and Mother had packed hot-water bottles. Dad siphoned the water out of the radiator into our bags, which we cuddled all night — keeping the water warm for his shave next morning. The rest of the water was poured back into the radiator, so that we got off to an early start when all around us was frozen. He'd be a good man to have around in a drought.

$2 to Mrs. D. Rimmer, The Gap, Qld.

TICKETS PLEASE

Money from Opera House lotteries is likely to be used to build Sydney's Eastern Suburbs railway, a project which has been under discussion for 88 years.

We citizens living in New South Wales
Are famed for our civic pride,
A fact which spinners of nasty tales
Have oft in the past denied.

Our Opera House, with its shining sails,
Is notorious far and wide,
Do you doubt that on Eastern Suburb rails
Our children's kids will ride?

So pay no heed to the sceptics' wails
Or the critics' cracks, so snide,
Our love for the lottery never fails—
You can tell by the queues inside.

— Dorothy Drain

Australian gift?

WHAT would readers consider the most typical Australian gift (costing approximately $2) to send overseas? Or are there any suggestions for something that someone without any special skills could make?

$2 to Mrs. Betty Ory, Bairnsdale, Vic.

Typed tribute

A FRIEND'S gift from her firm on her retirement was given an unusual touch by the addition of a three-inch-wide ribbon on which was typed the names of the workmates who had contributed.

$2 to "Liked It" (name supplied), Ryde, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

BRICKS

MRS. JUDSEN, who is in her mid-fifties (I would say), was wearing a new dress.

Her young grandson liked it. He said to her: "Gee, that's a nice dress. It makes you look 40 years younger."

The remark was intended as a compliment. At least it gave Mrs. Judsen a laugh. She has been repeating it to friends ever since.

Persons who are no longer young have to put up with a good deal of this sort of thing.

Another grandmother I know was told by a young girl: "That pink blouse is gorgeous! Pink suits old ladies."

Such comments form a special class of tactless remarks, bricks, or clangers.

Where men are concerned, the use of the word "Dad" may have that effect. Even dads of long standing do not much relish being called "Dad" by strangers.

To take an example: a few weeks ago I was walking across a busy street in the city.

Crossing in the opposite direction was a very comely young lady in a get-up of the mod type.

I don't think I could be blamed for looking in her direction. But I looked a fraction of a second too long, and bumped into a man.

He growled: "Look where yer goin', Dad."

In the circumstances, this mode of address was distinctly humiliating.

For women, being called "Mum" by members of the public has the same effect.

A lady of my acquaintance, who is in her forties and what they call well-preserved, was on a bus. She wanted to get off at Albert Street.

As the bus slowed down she said to the driver: "Is this Albert Street, please?"

He replied: "I wouldn't have a clue, Mum."

She did not mind his cluelessness so much, she said. What got her was the "Mum."

The War is a subject that lends itself to the dropping of age-clangers.

I heard a neighbor of ours say: "I came out from England after the War."

A boy who was present, and was learning modern history at school, asked keenly: "Was that the First World War or the Second?"

Parents become hardened to such remarks, of course, fairly early in their careers.

It is taken for granted that they grew up in a dim period before television known as "the olden days." Any reference to ballroom dancing, or departed film stars like Clark Gable, may provoke the query: "Was that in the olden days?"

I have even been asked: "Were you alive in the convict days?" and "Dad, have you got past 100?"

It doesn't worry me. But one point I do like to be understood clearly. My War was the Second one, not the First.

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● *Setting the pace in sporty furs are these two versions of the sheepskin jacket, soft, warm, and not a bit bulky. The red coat with matched leather pocket trim is topped with a toning beret. Coat, $89.50. The off-white design with self-trim and buttons is flattering. $79.50.*

● *Slim, full-length style (right) in grey sheepskin has the wide sleeve that's most comfortable over other garments and a soft, snazzy Sudani fur collar to match. $88.*

● *Honey-color sheepskin (below) swaggers on to the winter scene with all the confidence it deserves. There's the contrast of brown leather buttons and pocket tops and a jaunty urchin cap. Coat, $89.50.*

● *Elegant double-breasted white sheepskin wrap (left) with contrast leather trim is worn with matching white pillbox. Coat, $98.*

WHERE TO BUY

Sydney:
All Grace Bros. stores.

Melbourne:
Foy and Gibson.

Hobart:
FitzGerald and Co. Ltd.

NEW FUN FURS IN SHEEPSKIN

● Have you seen what they're doing with sheepskin? It's the big new excitement in winter fashion and THE fur to wear. On this page are two smart versions of the sheepskin coat for '67. One is the coat that wraps snug to the body, the other is the sporty jacket. High-fashion color, also new to the scene, adds to the glamor. All the coats shown are on sale in the stores listed at the prices given.

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A thing of beauty

By HUGH B. CAVE

Always late, Evelyn left ample opportunity for her family to meet her latest beau.

Interrupting Mr. Parker and Clara, Evelyn made one of her really spectacular entries.

MY sister Evelyn never kept count, I'm sure—it wasn't that important to her—but I think Mr. Parker was the fourteenth fellow she went steady with. She met him at a party somewhere.

Evelyn was 20 at this time and probably the most beautiful girl in our part of Connecticut. She was invited to practically every party there was. My other sister, Clara, was three years older and not so popular.

Mr. Parker was a new kind of man for Evelyn. He was older than any of the others—29, it turned out—and he was rich. I don't mean to imply that I and my family are on relief or anything. My pop owns the biggest hardware store in our town and we get along fine. But Mr. Parker's family had a home on Long Island and another in Palm Beach, and owned a whole bunch of big hotels.

She just casually told us about him one evening and announced that he was coming to take her out. About an hour later one of those expensive foreign cars rolled into our driveway.

I went to the door to see what Mr. Parker looked like. I was disappointed. Mr. Parker wore glasses and looked sort of like a maths teacher I had in high school. I even took him for a dope, because when Evelyn stretched out her hands to him and said, "Darling!" the way she always does, he looked at her as if he thought she meant it. He was hooked, all right.

There were lots more dates, believe me, and after a couple of months we knew him pretty well. Evelyn was never one to be ready on time when she was sure of a man, and Mr. Parker—his name was Fred—usually had to sit around talking to the rest of us while he waited for her.

He talked about all kinds of things. With me he discussed football mostly, because I was in the team at school. With Pop it was business and taxes, stuff like that. Mum would ask him about the kind of food he served in his hotels.

Mostly, though, he seemed interested in books and music and art, and he discussed these with my sister Clara. Clara was the plain one, as I've said, though "plain" isn't really the right word, I guess. She was just not so gorgeous as Evelyn.

One evening, when Mr. Fred Parker had been going with my sister Evelyn for about three months, he arrived with a framed picture under his arm. "I found this in town yesterday," he said, handing it to Clara. "Thought you might like it. It's a really good print, don't you think?"

It was a picture of a girl reading a book, by a French artist named Renoir—I knew about him from art class at high school.

"It's wonderful," Clara said. And she must have liked the picture a lot, because she hung it over the fireplace right away, taking down a picture she had painted herself.

We were still sort of studying the picture when my sister Evelyn came downstairs from her room. She had on a tight white dress that slithered when she walked, and you could see Fred jerk when he took her hands and looked at her.

"You're beautiful," he said.

Evelyn looked over his shoulder at the picture and said, "What in the world is that?"

"It's Renoir's 'Girl Reading,'" my sister Clara said.

"Ugh," Evelyn said.

Fred Parker seemed kind of surprised.

"You don't like it?" he asked.

"It's creepy."

Then Fred laughed and said, "Oh, well, shall we go?" and they went out together.

The next time he came, however, Mr. Parker arrived a good half hour earlier than usual and brought my sister Clara a record. "I heard this today and thought you'd want it," he said. "It's a new recording of the Mozart horn concertos. Shall we hear it while I wait?"

"Of course," Clara said, and in a minute the room was full of music.

And you know what happened? My sister Evelyn came into the room and frowned. "For heaven's sake, Clara, not now. If we have to be serenaded, play something we can dance to," she said, giving Fred Parker her sweetest smile and sliding into his arms.

Clara just took off the horn record and put on one of Evelyn's, and we sat there watching Evelyn and Fred Parker dance. But I noticed something.

"You know something?" I said to Clara when they had gone. "I don't think this love affair is going to stand up much longer."

"It isn't a love affair," Clara said.

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"You've heard Mr. Parker talk. He likes beautiful things. He collects them the way Evelyn collects men. And Evelyn is a beautiful girl."

"A girl isn't like a painting or a piece of music," I said. "Girls get old."

"So they do."

"Play those horn concertos again, huh?"

"I'd love to," my sister Clara said. "And you know something? I think he'd like to be here with us listening."

That night about 11 o'clock my sister Evelyn, the beautiful one, came bouncing into the house and announced that she and Mr. Fred Parker had broken up. "He's nice," she said, "but he's got such dopey ideas about things."

Within a week she was back with an old boyfriend, and after a couple more switches she went with a new man for five months and married him. They live in California now and have two of the cutest kids you ever saw.

As for my other sister, Clara—the plain one—about a week after Evelyn was married she got a letter from Mr. Fred Parker. I was right there when she read part of it out loud to Mum, and it went like this:

"I find myself looking at the Renoir and listening to the Mozart with new appreciation and realising that one needs to share such things to enjoy them fully. I have tickets to the ballet on Saturday if I can persuade you to go."

That was just the beginning, of course. Clara and Fred Parker are married now and have a big house in New Jersey, all full of paintings and stuff. But let me tell you something. The most beautiful thing in that whole big beautiful house is my sister Clara—the plain one. If you know it, all you have to do is watch Mr. Fred Parker's face when he looks at her.

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A jury's verdict should be final, but there are always people not prepared to agree with it

THE two boys and their mother arrived at the cottage in the afternoon. The mother supervised the unloading of the station wagon without fuss and with the minimum of effort or impatience. Her temporary neighbors received the impression that she was a woman used to managing without a man's assistance.

One of her neighbors came to the back door with a tray of freshly baked cakes. The woman accepted it with uneffusive thanks, and did not extend an invitation for afternoon coffee, pre-dinner drinks, or any of the other intimacies of holiday occupation.

"A bit standoffish," the neighbor reported to her husband.

In the cottage, the woman and boys stowed their gear in cupboards and on shelves, still with the minimum of fuss. The woman supervised the food and the boys made up the beds, which consisted of three stretchers on the meshed porch. The mother's bed was in a curtained alcove made by the return of the porch at the side of the house. This ensured her a measure of privacy and, more important, made it obvious to her sons that they were not being supervised during that precious period between dawn and the pre-breakfast swim.

They always woke early during vacation and it was understood that, provided they were not too noisy, they could help themselves to biscuits and milk from the kitchen and return to bed, there to crunch and guzzle and giggle and indulge in the special broadening conversation of brothers who were not really close, except at vacation time.

When the chores were completed, the boys took their fishing gear out to the strip of lawn between the cottage and the river. The elder boy used a broad-bladed rusty fish knife to cut the lines to required length. The nylon was wound on large pieces of cork so that if the younger boy was silly enough to drop his in the water, which he frequently did, it could be easily rescued.

The younger boy had also brought with him a large white plastic boat in the shape of a passenger liner. It had two blue funnels and twelve red lifeboats, six along the port side and six along the starboard.

To page 31

Frankie's father took the crab away from her as the others watched.

THE MANGROVE CRAB

BY VALERIE WATKINSON

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Two fruits together! Canned peaches and pears for just a serve

and they taste like a million dollars

Perfect fruits make perfect partners . . . delectable peaches and pears in the same can. Nature's own instant dessert!

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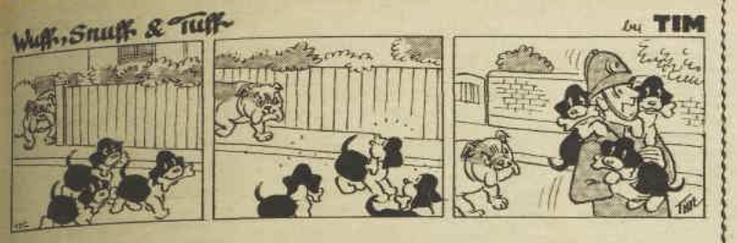

THE MANGROVE CRAB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

While his brother was busy attaching hooks and pieces of dead matches to his lines, the younger boy made a long lead of nylon for his plastic boat.

"You ought to fix your lines," his brother said. "Do you expect me to do it for you?"

"Yes," the younger one said. "I'm going to catch an eel."

He was a good-natured, sociable child. He was in third grade at school, had won a prize for attendance at Sunday school and still enjoyed the delusion he could marry his mother when he was a man.

He had been christened Edward Charles, after his father and two grandfathers, and was called Ted.

"Do you think there might be sharks in there?" Ted asked, looking at the river, which was very still and opaque green.

"We wouldn't be allowed to swim there, silly."

"One might have sneaked up from the sea," Ted said. "I don't like green water that you can't see the bottom of."

"Goon. Water hasn't any color. It looks green because it's still. It takes its color from its depth and the sky and the trees and the things around it."

He nicked his finger with the fish knife and a few beads of blood oozed from the wound. He sucked his finger and said a swear word, but softly under his breath so that Ted would not hear and, either innocently or with malice aforethought, report the word to his mother.

He was not a very sociable boy. He was in first form at high school and skipped Sunday school whenever he could convince his mother he was bilious or coming down with a cold, which was not often. He loved the sea and the rivers and all things pertaining to them. One day he was going to be an oceanographer or a professional diver, or something that did not demand sitting in an office while flies buzzed away the long days of summer against unrelenting windowpanes.

He had been christened Miles Richard after no one in particular. He was the first-born and his mother and father, with the new-found independence of initial parenthood, had pleased themselves in their choice of names.

Once, years and years ago, a doting aunt had leaned over him and quoted: "Saturday's child has far to go." He had remembered, and was superstitiously convinced that he did have far to go.

Their mother came out of the cottage, carrying a collapsible canvas camp stool. She set it up near them and sat on it, her elbows on her bare knees. Her legs were long and tanned. The sunlight polished the sparse gold hairs on them, which at most times were invisible.

She sat gazing at the river, not speaking. It was a companionable silence.

"Will we be able to have a ride in the speedboat?" Ted asked.

His mother looked at the speedboat riding the swell at the end of the next-door jetty.

"Not unless you're invited, and then only after checking with me. Don't you dare ask for a ride."

"I wouldn't do that," Ted said, believing it, although until his mother had forbidden it it had seemed the logical way to gain an invitation.

A man came on to the porch of the next-door cottage and looked toward them.

"There's a man in the speedboat house," Ted said.

"Hush," his mother said.

The man came down the steps of his porch and strolled toward them. He wore faded blue denim trousers and a stained white sweatshirt. There were rope-soled sandals on his feet.

"You must be Mrs. McIvers," he said to the boys' mother. "The agent said you'd be along sometime today."

"I'm Mrs. McIvers," she said. "These are my sons, Miles and Ted."

The boys made their greetings, remembering the "sir" and conscientiously keeping their eyes away from the speedboat.

"Marshall Lewis," the man said, and shook hands with Mrs. McIvers. "Have you settled in?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. McIvers said. "We're well organised."

She had a direct, almost masculine way of speech, as if she were aware of the fact that she was female but preferred to ignore or forget it.

"Fine boys," Marshall Lewis said. He watched Miles handling the fishing lines. "Guess you're pretty smart at school, Miles."

"Yes," Miles said, not boasting, "sir."

Mrs. McIvers was silent. Untroubled by her lack of response Marshall Lewis stayed, rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet. He was a big man, probably nearing sixty, with the beginnings of a paunch. There were splotchy gold freckles on the backs of his hands and his hair was sandy, except for a bald spot on the crown of his head. Despite his shabby appearance he gave the impression of being sure of his welcome.

"What do you think of my boat?" he asked.

The boys' heads swivelled immediately in the direction of the speedboat.

"You must be rich," Ted said.

"Pretty rich," Marshall Lewis admitted. "I don't have to work and I don't have to dress up. A man can't ask for more."

"Do you have any boys?" Ted asked.

"That's one thing I don't have."

"Ted——" Mrs. McIvers said.

"It's all right," Marshall Lewis said.

He was joined by a large, gold-colored dog, which flopped across his sandalled feet and stayed put.

"This is my boy," Marshall said and stooped to give the dog an affectionate whack on the flank. "He eats raw fish."

The information was stated without emotion, so that the boys, although impressed, did not know whether to show approval or disapproval of the dog's habit.

"What about the bones?" Miles asked.

"Spits them out," Marshall said. "Real smart dog."

Mrs. McIvers smiled. Marshall caught the smile and was surprised. He had thought her plain.

"What's his name?" Miles asked.

"Friend. Had him since he was a pup. We've been through some bad times together, and some good ones, too."

A launch came into sight around the bend in the river. The occupants waved and called. The sounds of "Hello, Marsh," echoed over the water.

Marshall Lewis acknowledged the greetings with the abstracted courtesy of royalty.

"That's the launch from the Lodge down river," he explained to Mrs. McIvers. "Rackety crowd, but the food's good. Did you get some cakes from your neighbor?"

"Yes," Mrs. McIvers said.

"Very neighborly," Marshall commented with the same lack of emotion he had displayed when discussing Friend's fish-eating ability.

"Yes," Mrs. McIvers said again, and pushed her hair off her forehead as if it worried her.

"Invited me to afternoon coffee her first day here," Marshall said. "I accepted. She gave me a dainty cup and saucer and a plate and nowhere to put any of them. I put the saucer and cup on the floor and Friend put his paw in it. We weren't invited again."

The boys laughed and Mrs. McIvers frowned at them.

"Just thought I'd let you know how the land lies. She's a very feminine lady. Very good at asking questions, too. Have your life story inside an afternoon."

"I think we might walk along the riverbank," Mrs. McIvers said.

"Twilight is the best time," Marshall told her. "There's a pelican sails right along here round about then. Keeps to midstream, though. Some brute with a gun shot his mate last season, just for fun. Now the pelican knows what people are like and he keeps to midstream. I'd take it kindly if your boys would come for a run in the boat one morning. Real fond of young people, until they get old enough to be adults."

"I'm sure they would appreciate that," Mrs. McIvers said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Lewis."

She looked at her sons. Reluctantly, but with the co-operation of the well-disciplined, they stopped what they were doing and joined their mother as she walked toward the river.

The Cake Lady and her husband came on to the riverbank from a side path a little way ahead. The Cake Lady

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DRESS SENSE

by BETTY KEEP

● This slightly fitted dress, with cut-away armholes and turtle-neck collar, answers a reader's request for a floor-length design.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am looking for a pattern for a floor-length shift with cut-out armholes and a stand-up, turn-over collar. If you have such a design, I require a pattern in a 38-inch bust size."

Illustrated above is the design you asked about. The dress comes in two lengths, floor and street. A paper pattern is available in your size. Under the illustration are full details.

"My husband and I have received a 6.30 p.m. invitation marked formal. Would this mean we have to wear evening attire?"

If a 6.30 p.m. invitation says "formal," your husband has no choice but to wear a dinner jacket and black tie. You could wear a short evening dress — bare or covered with whatever you prefer — or a long one. If you consider the occasion extra-formal, wear gloves — white or pale beige.

"I have a bright pink crepe evening dress. What would be the correct shoes to accompany it?"

Wear the dress with matching pink satin shoes or with silver cut-out sandals.

"I am making a long evening skirt in silver-and-white brocade with a slit at the back. What is the proper skirt length?"

Reaching just to the anklebone.

"My daughter is making her debut this season. Should she wear a full-length dress and should it be made in a white fabric?"

Correct attire for a girl making her debut is a full-length evening dress made in a white fabric and worn with white gloves, shoes, and evening bag.

"Would it be correct fashion to wear a tulle veil with a lace bridal gown?"

Yes, it is quite correct. I suggest you have the veil fastened to the head with a small coronet made in the same lace as the dress.

"I want to make a warm after-five coat for winter. What color and fabric should I choose?"

Nothing is newer than black velvet. Fasten the coat with jewel buttons.

6795.—One-piece in two lengths (short length not shown) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6795. Price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — ***By RUDD***

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THE MANGROVE CRAB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

wore a pink gingham sun dress with a wide elasticised frill hugging her above the bosom and beneath the armpits. Her legs were plump and untanned. Her small feet were thrust into white-and-gold sandals with narrow straps through which the flesh of her toes squeezed in whorls of pink and white.

She had introduced herself to Mrs. McIvers earlier in the day. Mrs. McIvers tried to remember her name, and failed.

"Oh, Mrs. McIvers," the Cake Lady said. "How nice. This is my husband. Harry, this is Mrs. McIvers. Please call him Harry. We're all on first-name terms here, and it makes everything so friendly."

Harry and Mrs. McIvers acknowledged the introduction, and Harry said were those two fine boys Mrs. McIvers' boys and Mrs. McIvers said yes.

"Have you met Marshall Lewis yet?" the Cake Lady asked.

"Yes," Mrs. McIvers said.

"A real nature boy," the Cake Lady said, and laughed in a way which meant she did not think it was funny. "He doesn't care what anybody thinks, not anybody. He and his dog broke one of my best coffee cups. I always bring my own china. He offered to take Frankie for a ride in his boat. Frankie is our daughter, but I said no thank you. I don't believe in inviting trouble, if you know what I mean."

"I don't think I do," Mrs. McIvers said.

"Now, hon," Harry said, and looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, you," the Cake Lady said. "You're so charitable. Harry is so charitable, Martha. He never speaks ill of anybody. Just like one of those three monkeys. I think there is something abnormal about a man who prefers the company of children to adults, and I'm not afraid to say so. Do you play bridge, Martha?"

"No," Martha said.

"What a pity. We could have made up a foursome at the weekend. I suppose your husband will be down at weekends?"

"No," Martha said.

"Hon," Harry said, looking at his watch, "Frankie will be home shortly and you know you don't like her coming back to an empty house."

"Come and visit with me often, Martha," the Cake Lady invited. "It gets kind of lonesome here. I miss my nice, neighborly ladies back home. Still, it's only for a month and nature is so close here."

When they had passed on, Martha McIvers angrily rolled her fists into balls and thrust them into the pockets of her shorts as she tried to control her emotion.

"I tell you I never forget a face," the Cake Lady said to her husband, as they went on their way. "I'm sure I've met her somewhere before."

"I need a drink," Harry said.

"It's too early," she said, but absentmindedly, so that he knew she was still gnawing at the bone of her memory. She stopped abruptly. "She's Martha McIvers. You know—the one that gave her husband sleeping pills."

"If she gave him sleeping pills she wouldn't be walking around loose," Harry said.

"It's all coming back to me now. She got off. He was incurable, and she left the pills where he could reach them. Of course, she said she had forgotten them and the jury believed her. She must have looked a lot better than she does now."

"Maybe they believed her because she was telling the truth," Harry said mildly.

"You're so fun-ny," she said, breaking the word in two, which was a habit she had when things failed to amuse her. "I don't know about letting Frankie play with those boys."

"Those boys probably won't want to play with Frances."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because they're boys and she's a girl, and that's why. It'll be another few years before either of them is interested in girls."

"I wonder how it feels to murder someone?" she mused, and her small pink mouth pursed itself into a full rosebud of satisfaction.

"I can tell you how it feels to want to murder someone," Harry said.

"You're so fun-ny."

TWILIGHT along the river was a short and explosive affair. The lonely pelican made his journey downstream, just as Marshall Lewis had predicted. The boys called to him, throwing crusts of bread enticingly toward the middle of the river, but the pelican ignored them, his head averted from the presence and suspect morality of people.

The Cake Lady and her husband appeared in front of their cottage, bearing the full regalia of barbecuing. The Cake Lady wore a white chef's apron and was armed with several long-handled forks and tongs. Harry staggered under the burden of a folding table and a portable, charcoal-burning barbecue unit.

"Come along, Martha," the Cake Lady called. "You and the boys are to be our guests for your first night here."

"That's very kind of you," Martha said, turning away from watching the pelican, "but—"

"No buts," Harry insisted. He had already sampled the contents of the cocktail shaker, which was still inside the cottage, and the alcohol was beginning to smooth away the irritations of the day. "I asked Marsh, and he'll be along shortly."

He set up the table, covered it with a plastic cloth decorated with red cabbage roses and began to feed charcoal into the barbecue. When the charcoal was burning, he went back to the cottage and emerged with a tray on which rested the cocktail shaker and four

To page 33

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glasses, flanked by bottles of soft drink for the children.

He poured the drinks, pulled up a canvas chair for Martha and handed her a glass, watching her while she sipped, obviously waiting for her verdict.

"It's very good," Martha said truthfully.

"My specialty. I won a prize for it at the last company ball. Oh, what a night was that."

"It was disgusting," the Cake Lady said, arranging chops on the griller.

"We all got a little high," Harry admitted.

"High," the Cake Lady said. "You were rotten."

Martha smiled, surprised at the easy way in which the vulgarity had slipped off the Cake Lady's tongue.

"I was," Harry admitted, not with shame, but regretfully, as if he knew it would be almost another year before such licence would be bestowed on him again.

Marshall joined them. He accepted a drink from Harry, ignoring the mournful bowls of Friend, who prudently had been tied to the porch post of his cottage.

The Cake Lady greeted him with a wave from her barbecue instrument, managing to look both welcoming and slightly disapproving, as if she hoped he realised his good fortune in being included in the circle. She said: "Here's Frankie, too. Come, and Mumma will introduce you to your new neighbors."

Frankie came down the steps of the cottage and unsmilingly approached the group under the trees. She was 11 years old. Her hair was very blonde, scraped back into two tight pigtails tied with huge bows of white, pink-spotted ribbon. Her eyelashes were as pale as her hair, which gave her light blue eyes a peculiarly albino look. Her skin was very white, unblemished by freckles or sunburn, resulting in a face somehow unfinished in its perfection.

Having made her greetings, she approached her father, hanging on to his arm and begging for a sip from his glass.

"Don't you dare, Harry," the Cake Lady warned.

Frankie and the boys were surveying each other with the suspicion of strange children meeting for the first time. Frankie had the advantage of the shelter of her father's arm, and she made the most of it, peeping at the boys from beneath his elbow, finally dissolving into giggles and burying her face against his stomach.

"This is an awful age," Harry said, trying to disentangle himself from Frankie's clinging arms.

"She's so shy," the Cake Lady said.

"My foot," Harry said.

"We used to have a barbecue," Ted said suddenly, "before—before."

Frankie directed a long, measuring stare at Martha, so that Martha knew she and the trial and its outcome had been discussed in the child's hearing. The stare was too honest and unrehearsed to be classed as impertinent. It finally slid away, repelled by Martha's answering stare, and was replaced by a smile. It was obvious that the Cake Lady, who would never be swayed by a jury's verdict, had communicated her decision to Frankie.

"I'm sure it was a very cute barbecue," the Cake Lady said. "Frankie, stop sipping from your father's glass. Stop it, I say. Help me serve the chops. I've made my special barbecue sauce."

Martha was careful about commenting on the subtle flavor of the barbecue sauce, and the Cake Lady was pleased. She was of the breed known as an "inspired cook."

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."*

— James 1; 27.

THE MANGROVE CRAB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Harry ate little. He drank steadily. It was as if the witching hour of five p.m. was the carrot toward which he donkeyed all day.

"Will you come and fish with me in the morning?" Frankie said to Miles.

"Yes," Miles said, displeased, but knowing his mother would be angry if he refused. She had developed the habit of saying, "I do think you might co-operate a little. Things are hard enough."

Marshall walked with Martha and the boys back to her cottage. The Cake Lady had refused their offer to help with the dishes. Behind them they could hear the sounds of the barbecue being cleared away. There was a clatter as Harry stumbled and dropped something, and the Cake Lady's voice, high and childish and hopeless with the knowledge that nothing turned out as you believed it would when you were a fluffy blonde bride not so long ago, said: "—drinking too much, and one day, if you encourage her, Frankie will be as bad—"

Then Harry's voice, placating with the courtesy of the amiable drunk: "Now, hon, don't be mad at me — honestly, hon—"

. . . .

"I knew she recognised me," Martha said. "I suppose she told you on their way back this afternoon."

To page 34

LULUBELLE

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THE MANGROVE CRAB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

"She did, but she didn't have to. The agent recognised you."

"The jury said I was innocent."

"I know that. I read the newspaper accounts of the trial. Don't you agree with the jury?"

"I loved him," Martha said, surprised at his perception, "and I don't know whether I just forgot the pills were within his reach or whether I made myself forget."

"I often wonder why people won't let other people be," Marshall said.

"I suppose it's too much to expect, when we can't even let ourselves be."

Early in the morning Frankie and the boys were at the riverbank, fishing on the incoming tide.

They fished in silence until Frankie squealed.

"I've got one. I have, too. And it's a big one. I can feel it pulling."

HER line was taut. She hauled on it expertly, intent on the unseen catch, her lips rosebudded with the satisfaction which had decorated her mother's mouth when she had ruminated on the sensation of murder.

Frankie's catch broke the surface and the water churned briefly.

"It's a crab," Frankie squealed. "A great big crab. Oh, Mumma, oh, Dadda — come and see the great big crab."

"It's a giant mangrove swimming crab," Miles said, trying to hide his envy. "I've seen pictures of them. They're good to eat."

"I hate crab," Frankie said.

"What are you going to do with him then?" Ted asked. "You shouldn't kill him if you don't want him for food."

"I'm going to poke him with this stick and make him wiggle. Oh, look at him wiggle."

"Don't," Miles said.

"You're real cruel," Ted said.

"You're so fun-ny. It's only a crab. Don't watch if you don't want to."

Marshall, pyjama-clad, came on to the porch of his cottage, roused by the noise of the children and the frantic barking of Friend.

"Make her stop," Ted pleaded. His face was very red.

The crab's claws waved aimlessly, seeking rock or flesh or something solid on which to return the attack.

"It's getting mad," Frankie squealed.

"Little girl," Marshall said, "if that crab gets its nippers into you, you'll be minus a finger."

They were joined by the Cake Lady and her husband, and by Martha, who was gripping Ted, sobbing now, by the arm.

"It's a crab," the Cake Lady said. "Oh, I've never seen a larger one. Oh, Harry, be careful. Frankie, you clever girl to catch such a big crab."

Harry had picked up the crab, holding it warily, his fingers away from the nippers. The crab, mud-colored, angry and bewildered, writhed fruitlessly.

One of its claws, injured in the haul to the riverbank, came off and fell at Harry's feet. The Cake Lady laughed, her little pink mouth, teeth-filled, opening like a pekingese in a yawn.

Ted stared, his whole world temporarily centred in the claw, detached and dreadfully alone, lying on the grass. He buried his face against Martha's stomach.

"Get the camera quickly," the Cake Lady said.

Miles, whose face had turned very white, walked away and disappeared behind the cottage. Ted broke away from Martha and ran after him.

Harry stood holding the crab, not knowing how to rid himself of his suddenly contentious burden.

"Such a fuss," the Cake Lady said, genuinely bewildered.

"They've been taught to abhor cruelty," Martha said.

"Cruelty," the Cake Lady repeated. "That's fun-ny — coming from you."

"I saw one of those things latch on to a man's finger once," Marshall said mildly. "Wasn't a pretty sight. They're a real pest to oyster cultivators. Those nippers can crush an oyster easy as you please."

The Cake Lady gave a little scream.

"Drop it, Harry," she commanded.

"Right back into the water, mister," Marshall suggested, and there was a little edge to his voice, as if his patience was thinning.

Harry dropped the crab back into the water. It sank from sight and the water closed over it in tiered ripples and was finally still.

"I must find Ted," Martha said, when the Cake Lady and her family had gone.

"Ted's all right. He got it off his chest. I'd see to the other one if I were you," Marshall said, and there was a little edge to his voice again, but this time it was one of warning. "He doesn't say much. The ones who don't say much are the ones who hurt."

They found Miles leaning against the side of the cottage, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth. Ted was with him.

"The crab is back in the river," Marshall said to the boys. "There's no need to worry about its claw coming off. Don't you boys know about crabs' claws?"

The boys shook their heads.

"Crabs have the power of regeneration. That means that old mangrove crab will grow a new claw. There's a membrane near the breaking plane and that membrane contracts and stops any bleeding. Did you know crabs moult?"

Again the boys shook their heads.

"Don't know much about crabs, do you? Well, they do moult and when that mangrove crab moults again the bud formed on its stump will expand into a new claw.

"Miles has been sick," Ted said.

Martha looked at her sons. They and the trees and the water and the vivid sky were original in their clarity. She looked upon these lovely things with the eyes of somebody seeing anew.

It was as if the catharsis of the setting upon of the mangrove crab had lifted her burden of guilt.

She had been worried about the verdict of unimportant people. She had been occupied in judging herself instead of being content that Ted and Miles had not doubted her. They hadn't, had they?

"Do you know the most terrible thing about it?" Ted said suddenly.

"I don't know that I do, boy," Marshall said.

"Miles told me. The most terrible thing about it is if we do that to a crab, what will we do to each other?"

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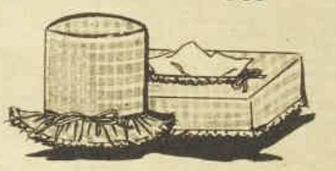

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LORD HOWE ISLAND. Discovered by Lieut. Ball in 1788, it was named after Admiral Richard Howe.

Picture by Douglass Baglin.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

A weekly series by Bill Beatty

FEBRUARY 12

1793 John Macarthur received a grant of 100 acres at Parramatta, which he named Elizabeth Farm in honor of his wife. In November the same year they occupied a house built on the estate. It was here that Macarthur established the Merino sheep-breeding industry, and Mrs. Macarthur played an important part in it. She controlled the farming operations and introduced many improvements. Moreover, her able management of the flocks, during her husband's two visits to England, resulted in improved sheep and increased wool yields. Elizabeth Macarthur commanded the respect, loyalty, and obedience of her convict farmhands. A further grant of 600 acres was made to the property in 1816. Elizabeth Farm House is now the oldest building intact in Australia.

1851 Discovery of payable gold in New South Wales by Edward Hargraves. Hargraves sailed for the Californian gold diggings in 1848, where he became convinced that he had left behind in Australia similar country where, sooner or later, gold would be found. In January, 1851, he returned to Australia. At Guyong he engaged a youth, John Lister, who knew the country well. At the junction of Summer Hill and Lewis Ponds Creeks they were soon on alluvial gold. Hargraves got a grant of $1000 and was appointed Commissioner of Crown Lands. Later he received a further grant of $20,000. In 1854 he went to England and was presented to Queen Victoria. The following year he published "Australia and its Goldfields."

Continued on page 48

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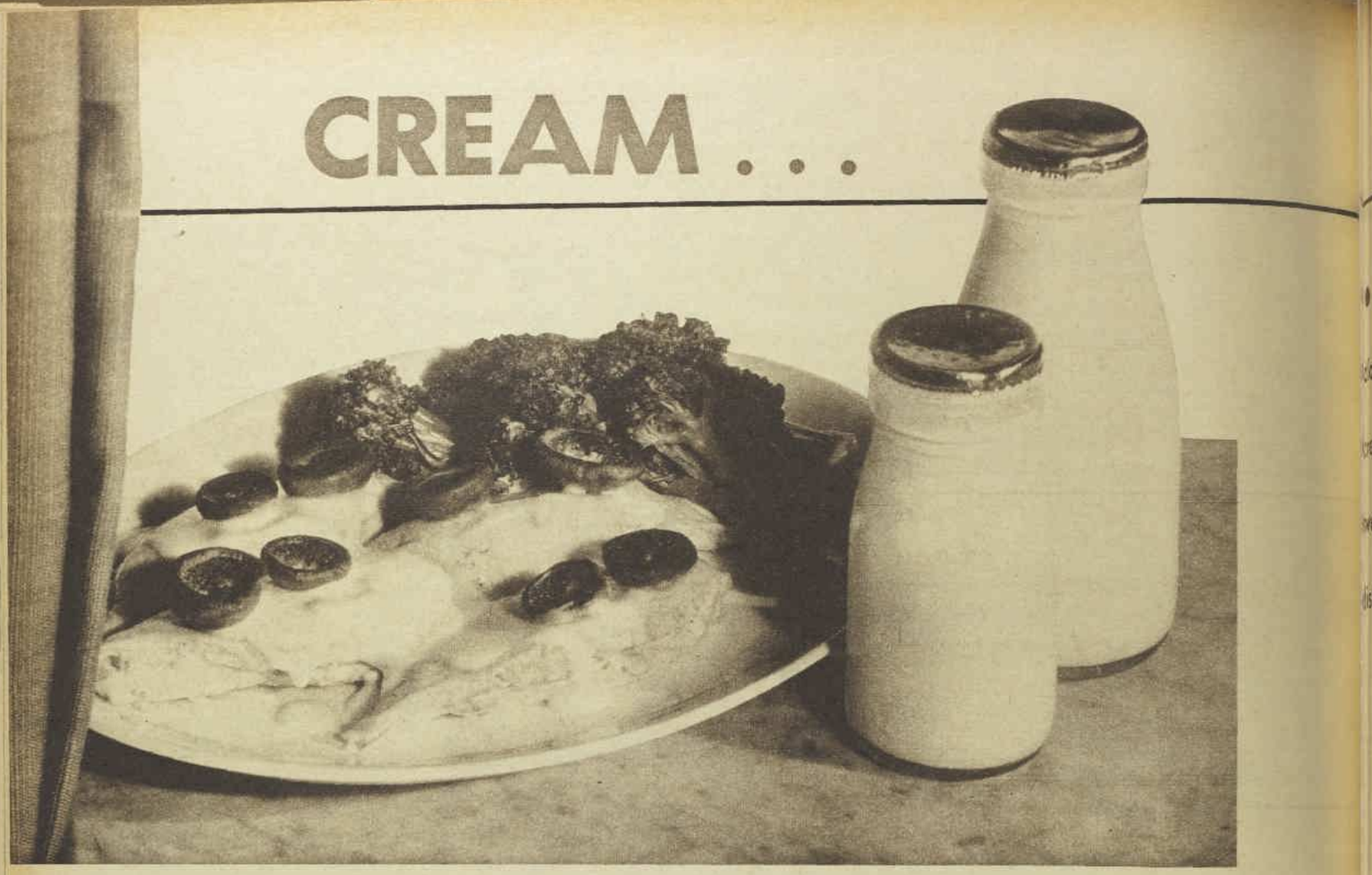
CREAM . . .



CHICKEN SUPREME — chicken breasts, poached to mouth-melting tenderness in butter, are coated with a rich cream sauce, topped with mushrooms.

CREAM

CREAM has a bland quality. When you have added it to a dish, taste it to see if more seasoning is required.

If you have over-seasoned a dish, cream can be a help in reducing the highly seasoned taste.

Heated, seasoned with salt, pepper, a little lemon juice, and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley, fresh cream makes a delicious sauce for vegetables.

Cream can be boiled, but if boiled at too high a temperature, or for too long, it will curdle or separate.

To whip cream easily, chill cream, bowl, and beater. If the weather is very hot, stand the bowl on ice.

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL

prawns, crab, lobster (or a quantity of each can be used)
shredded lettuce

SAUCE

1 cup cream
½ cup tomato sauce
¼ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons vinegar
1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons bottled horseradish
salt, pepper.

Whip cream, combine with all remaining sauce ingredients.

Arrange a little shredded lettuce in individual glasses, top with seafood. Just before serving, spoon sauce over.

CURRIED CHEESE DIP

1lb. cream cheese
5 tablespoons cream
5 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt
pepper
3 teaspoons curry powder
1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce
1 grated onion

Blend curry powder with cream, combine with remaining ingredients; beat well. Serve as a dip, with small savory biscuits or packaged potato chips for dunking.

CHICKEN SUPREME

2 chicken breasts
salt and pepper
lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
8 mushrooms
¼ cup chicken stock
1 dessertspoon flour
¾ cup cream

Remove skin from chicken breasts, split and bone to give four chicken fillets. Place between sheets of waxed paper and pound gently to flatten. Season with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice.

Wipe mushrooms, trim caps. Put into saucepan with stock; simmer gently 5 minutes. Drain, reserve stock.

Melt butter in pan, put in chicken fillets; turn them to coat both sides well with butter (add a little more butter, if necessary). Cover, cook very gently 10 minutes or until tender. Remove from pan to hot serving dish; keep warm.

Blend flour into butter remaining in pan, gradually stir in ¼ cup of reserved stock, then stir in cream. Simmer 3 to 4 minutes, stirring, until smooth and slightly thickened. Adjust seasoning, if necessary. Spoon sauce over chicken, garnish with mushroom caps.

CREME CARAMEL

1 cup milk
1 cup cream
1in. piece vanilla bean
3 eggs
2 extra egg-yolks
1¼ cups sugar
½ cup water

Combine milk and cream in saucepan with vanilla bean, bring to scalding point; remove from heat, cool a little.

Beat together whole eggs and extra yolks; beat in ½ cup of the sugar. Gradually stir in slightly cooled cream mixture. Strain through fine sieve.

Place remaining sugar in heavy saucepan with water; cook over moderate heat until sugar has dissolved, stirring occasionally. When sugar has dissolved, bring mixture to a boil; boil, without stirring, until syrup is rich caramel color. Pour into 6 to 8 individual moulds, turning moulds so they are well coated with the caramel.

When caramel has set, pour in custard. Stand in baking dish containing about 1in. of hot water. Bake in moderately slow oven approximately 35 minutes, or until a knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

Remove moulds from dish; cool, then refrigerate. Unmould on to serving dishes.

PEARS IN CINNAMON-CREAM

4 firm pears
lemon juice
½ pint cream
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla
extra sugar

Peel pears, halve and core. Brush well with lemon juice. Place cut side down in well-buttered baking dish. Combine cream with sugar, cinnamon, and vanilla; pour over pears. Sprinkle with little extra sugar. Bake in slow oven until pears are tender, aproximately 30 minutes.

When fresh pears are out of season, canned pears can be substituted. Arrange in baking dish, pour over cream mixture and topping as above; heat through in slow oven.

BRANDIED GINGER CREAM

1¼ cups milk
1 dessertspoon gelatine
¼ cup sugar
grated rind ½ orange
4 macaroons
¼ cup brandy
4 egg-yolks
1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger
½ pint cream
pinch salt

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup of the milk. Crush macaroons, soak in brandy.

Put remaining milk, sugar, and orange rind into saucepan. Bring to boil; simmer very gently 10 minutes. Remove from heat; cool a little. Stir in softened gelatine.

Beat egg-yolks lightly; gradually add milk mixture to yolks, beating briskly. Cook 2 or 3 minutes over gentle heat, stirring, until mixture just begins to thicken. Strain over the brandy-macaroon mixture; mix in ginger.

When quite cold, whip cream with salt, fold into macaroon-custard. Turn into serving bowl, refrigerate until firm.

Fresh strawberries, sprinkled with brandy or dusted with icing sugar, are a perfect accompaniment.

CREAMY CHOCOLATE SAUCE

4oz. dark or semi-sweet chocolate
¼ pint cream
1 tablespoon brandy or rum

Chop chocolate roughly, put into top of double saucepan over hot water; stir until melted. Gradually stir in cream, heat gently. Remove from heat, stir in brandy or rum. Serve warm over vanilla ice-cream.

KIDNEYS IN WINE

1 ox kidney or 8 sheep's kidneys
butter for frying
2oz. mushrooms
salt, pepper
2 tablespoons brandy
2oz. white wine
2oz. beef stock
2oz. cream

Wash kidney, soak in lightly salted warm water 1 hour. Skin, remove core. Cut ox kidney into slices about ½in. thick, or halve sheep's kidneys. Heat butter in pan, add kidneys, saute a few minutes. Add sliced mushrooms. Warm brandy, pour over kidneys, set aflame. When flames subside, add white wine. Stir until mixture bubbles, then add stock; season to taste. Put into small ovenproof casserole, cover; cook in slow oven 30 to 40 minutes.

Heat cream; pour the sauce from the kidneys into cream and heat through gently. Return to casserole and stir through. Serve with hot toast or croutons of fried bread.

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FRESH OR SOUR

● Important ingredients in top-class cookery, cream and sour cream give rich flavor to both sweet and savory dishes in the recipes below.

OLD-FASHIONED Raisin Pie — plump raisins are mixed into a spiced, beautifully flavored sour-cream custard.

SUPERB CHOCOLATE CREAM

- ¼ cup sugar
- 1-3rd cup water
- 6oz. chocolate
- 3 egg-yolks
- 1½ cups cream

Chop chocolate into small pieces. Place sugar and water in saucepan over gentle heat, stir until sugar has melted. Bring to boil; boil 3 minutes. Place chocolate in blender, pour over hot syrup, blend at high speed 20 seconds or until chocolate has melted and is smooth. Transfer to bowl, stir in beaten egg-yolks. Whisk cream until stiff, fold into chocolate mixture. Transfer to freezer trays. Cover with waxed paper or aluminium foil, freeze 2 to 3 hours, or until solid. There is no need to stir this ice-cream during freezing; it is creamy and delicious when set.

SOUR CREAM

SOUR cream, widely used in Continental countries to give rich flavor to casseroles, stews, and other meat dishes, is becoming more and more popular in this country.

Commercial sour cream is not ordinary cream which has turned sour through being kept too long—it is specially prepared.

Selected cultures are added to fresh, pasteurised cream; these cultures act on the milk sugar, clotting the cream to thick, velvety smoothness.

If commercial sour cream is unavailable, fresh cream may be soured by the addition of lemon juice. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice to ½ pint of cream, stand aside in a warm place until the cream sours.

In savory dishes, sour cream is generally added at the end of cooking time. It should be stirred in and gently heated through; take care that the dish does not boil after the sour cream is added, or it could curdle.

Sour cream, mixed with chives, makes a delicious topping to a hot baked potato. Serve it, too, in place of fresh cream as a topping for fruits; it teams particularly well with strawberries.

BEEF STROGANOFF

- 2lb. rump or fillet steak
- ½lb. mushrooms
- 1 chopped onion
- ½ cup sour cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- pepper to taste
- 1 tablespoon butter

Cut meat into thinnest possible strips about ½in. by 2in. Melt butter in pan and fry onion; add meat and continue to cook until almost done. Add mushrooms and fry until meat is tender. Pour in sour cream, season to taste, and heat through. Serve immediately, garnished with thin strips of fried potato, cooked vegetable and/or salad.

SOUR CREAM COFFEE CAKE

- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups plain flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar

TOPPING

- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ¼ cup chopped nuts

Combine sour cream, bicarbonate of soda, and eggs; beat well for 2 to 3 minutes. Sift flour, then resift with baking powder and salt. Stir into cream mixture with sugar; beat batter until smooth. Transfer to greased 8in. square shallow cake tin with greased greaseproof paper in base. Sprinkle with combined topping ingredients. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes, or until cooked through when tested. Nice served warm with butter.

VEAL GOULASH

- 2lb. veal steak or fillet of veal
- ½lb. onions
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 1 cup veal or chicken stock
- salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 teaspoon flour
- butter for frying

Cut veal into 2in. squares. Grate or finely chop onions. Heat butter in pan, add onions, cook gently until soft but not browned. Remove from pan. Add veal to pan, with extra butter, if necessary; brown lightly on all sides. Return onions to pan with paprika; cook, stirring, until blended. Add stock; cover, bring to boil gently; reduce heat and simmer 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Remove excess fat. Stir in tomato paste. Add flour to sour cream, gently stir in and heat through. Season to taste. Serve with rice or parsley-tossed noodles.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes. Recipes in this feature serve 4 to 6, unless otherwise stated.

OLD-FASHIONED RAISIN PIE

- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup sugar
- pinch salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup chopped raisins
- 8in. unbaked pastry shell

Beat eggs lightly, stir in sugar, salt, and spices; mix in sour cream and raisins. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 30 minutes or until centre is firm when tested with knife. Serve warm, topped with a scoop of ice-cream.

SOUR CREAM CUCUMBERS

- 2 firm young cucumbers
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 dessertspoon sugar
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 2 tablespoons chopped chives
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 1 dessertspoon chopped fresh dill or
- 1 teaspoon dried dill
- 1 teaspoon celery seed
- 1 cup sour cream

Wash cucumbers; run tines of fork down sides to give serrated edge. Cut into thin slices, set aside.

Dissolve salt and sugar in vinegar, stir in sour cream, mix until smooth. Add chives, onion, dill, and celery seed.

Drain cucumbers, mix in dressing. Refrigerate for at least 1 hour, or until dressing soaks well into cucumber slices.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ cup sour cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1½ cups plain flour
- ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
- ½ teaspoon salt

Beat together butter, sugar, and egg. Add sour cream, vanilla, and lemon rind. Sift dry ingredients, beat into egg mixture. Drop batter from teaspoon, spacing biscuits well apart on greased baking sheets. Sprinkle with sugar; top, if desired, with a raisin or almond piece. Bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from baking sheet while hot.

Makes approximately 3½ dozen.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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CURRANT LOAF WINS PRIZE

TEA adds flavor to this easily made currant loaf which wins $10 in our regular recipe contest. Consolation prize of $2 is awarded for savory cheese biscuits.

QUICK-MIX CURRANT LOAF

One cup currants
1 cup cold black tea
1 scant cup sugar
2 cups self-raising flour
pinch salt

Mix tea, currants, and sugar together in bowl. Stand 2-3 hours, stirring occasionally.

Sift flour and salt and stir into currant mixture. Pour into greased 8 x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Serve cut into slices and buttered.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. B. Stankovic, 11 Tripeny Ave., Peterborough, S.A.

CHEESE BISCUITS

4oz. grated cheddar cheese
4oz. self-raising flour
4oz. melted butter or substitute
salt
pinch cayenne
desiccated coconut

Pour melted butter over cheese, sifted flour, and salt. Stir well. Toss teaspoonfuls of mixture in coconut with cayenne added. Place on greased baking tray; allow room for spreading. Bake in slow oven until golden brown, approximately 30 minutes.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. M. Brooks, 37 Ailsa St., Keilor, Vic.

Small in a nice way, big in a delicious way,
the little ones from the North Sea. Kippered Herring,
Scotch Herring in Tomato sauce, Scotch Fresh Herring.
Crosse & Blackwell prepare the nicest fish in the business!

CB.4492.JCPWW

HOME HINTS

● Readers win $2 prize for each of these hints.

TO brighten drinking glasses which have become dull, pour a little cold tea into each one, swish round, then rinse with cold water. Dry well and polish with a sheet of newspaper. —Denise Travers, 14 Bent St., North Sydney.

★ ★ ★

A few pieces of camphor placed in a drawer or box containing stored silver will prevent it from tarnishing.—Mrs. B. M. Williams, Milang, S.A.

★ ★ ★

An old picture frame can be made into an attractive and useful tray by placing a piece of colored linen beneath the glass and tacking or otherwise attaching it to underside of frame. Screw a suitable handle to each end.—Marguerite Jenkins, 31 Clanalpine St., Mosman, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When repairing broken china, place a length of adhesive tape firmly round article after applying glue. The tape provides the necessary pressure to ensure a clean join.—Mrs. J. K. Knowles, 11 Wisbeck St., Bayswater, W.A.

★ ★ ★

If the skin of a lemon has become hard and shrivelled, place it in a warm oven for a minute or two. It will then be much easier to juice.—L. Barber, 4 Miller St., Condobolin, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Make full use of your jar of baking soda. Two teaspoons dissolved in a bowl of warm water will remove grease and dust from combs if soaked for about an hour. To sweeten a teapot, fill with warm water, add two teaspoons baking soda and allow to stand all night. To clean a burnt saucepan, fill with cold water, add two teaspoons soda and bring slowly to the boil.—Mrs. G. A. Whitley, 60 Watkins St., Howard, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When making apple tart, grate apple over pastry, cover with layer of quince jam topped with grated apple. No sugar is necessary and flavor is delicious.—Mrs. M. Deacon, 88 Piccadilly St., Riverstone, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Attach lining to heavy curtains with press-studs. Lining needs washing more often than curtains, and press-studs make it easy to remove.—Mrs. Olive B. Lawson, 17 Atlas St., Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Fruit-juice stains on a tablecloth are easy to remove if a piece of bread dipped in cold water is placed on stains immediately.—Miss C. Love, 19 Hawkhurst St., Spotswood, Vic.

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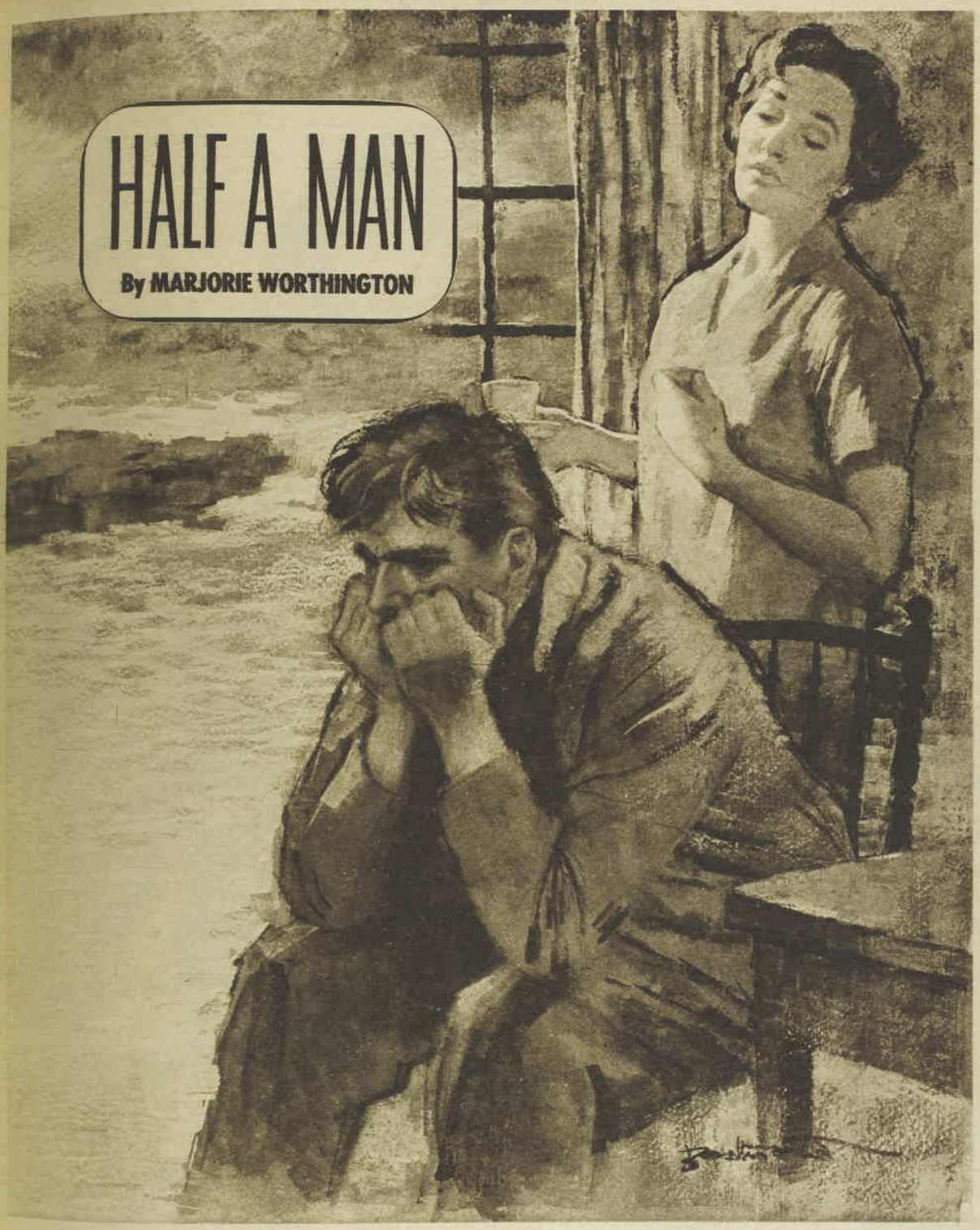
HALF A MAN

By MARJORIE WORTHINGTON



On this lonely shore they had hoped to find peace and solitude, but then the stranger came bringing bitterness

THE lighthouse had been abandoned for a long time. It stood on a point of land on the North Shore of Long Island, near a little town called Midford. It was a grim, square building with stone walls a foot thick. Clustered behind it were a few smaller buildings, one large enough for a barn or a garage. Farther out toward the sea was a conical tower in which a light, controlled by mechanical devices, still functioned.

The Moores discovered it almost by accident in their desperate search for a house they could afford. The rent was nominal. The only catch, so the real-estate agent told them, was that the town would have to approve of them. They didn't want anybody like the last tenant.

"What was the matter with him?" Tom Moore asked.

"He was a morose kind of fellow," the agent said. "Kept to himself. One day they found him dead. Hanged himself in that barn there. They don't want that kind out here any more."

Gwen looked at her husband — at his broad shoulders, stooped now as if he were making apologies; at his stocky body in the old tweeds he had dug up; at the unruly hair with the cowlick that made him look even younger than his thirty-three years; at the high cheekbones; and the new lines that ran from his nose to the corners of his mouth, giving him a strained expression.

She took his hand and squeezed it, and said to the agent, "We'll be very happy here. I know it."

It took until the middle of October for the people of Midford to consent to the Moores as tenants for the abandoned lighthouse, though there was nothing to show that they wouldn't be exemplary. He'd been an advertising copy writer earning a good salary when he became ill. Heart trouble, something everybody could understand.

The doctors had advised a quiet place to live, away from the noise and hustle of New York. They'd find quiet enough out on the point. Everyone felt sorry for them now and

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THIS QUICK, CLEAN *WAY*

Quick . . . super-soft pad relieves shoe pressure instantly—soothes, cushions, protects. **Clean** . . . no mess or trouble, simply apply the self-adhesive pad. **Safe** . . . medicated disc hygienically loosens corn. Corn simply lifts out, easily, cleanly. Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads, praised the world over, and only 42c (4/3) pkt.

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ZINO-PADS

Sizes also for CALLOUSES and BUNIONS

KEEP FEET FIT

LOOK FOR Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT COUNTER AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Remedies for every common foot trouble

At last— something to soothe away the pain

Backache	✔
Rheumatism	✔
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Many sufferers rely on Doan's to ease all these rheumatic troubles. Doan's contains a urinary antiseptic that soothes bladders and kidneys, to bring you speedy relief. Enjoy living without aches and pains, able to bend, stoop, work or relax easily and freely. Get Doan's today.

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to soothe away pain

STOP NAIL BITING NOW

Now you can — easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or children) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit.

Send a 4c stamp now for an explanatory booklet to: HAND and NAIL CULTURE CLINIC, Dept. WWNS, Box 4405, G.P.O., Sydney.

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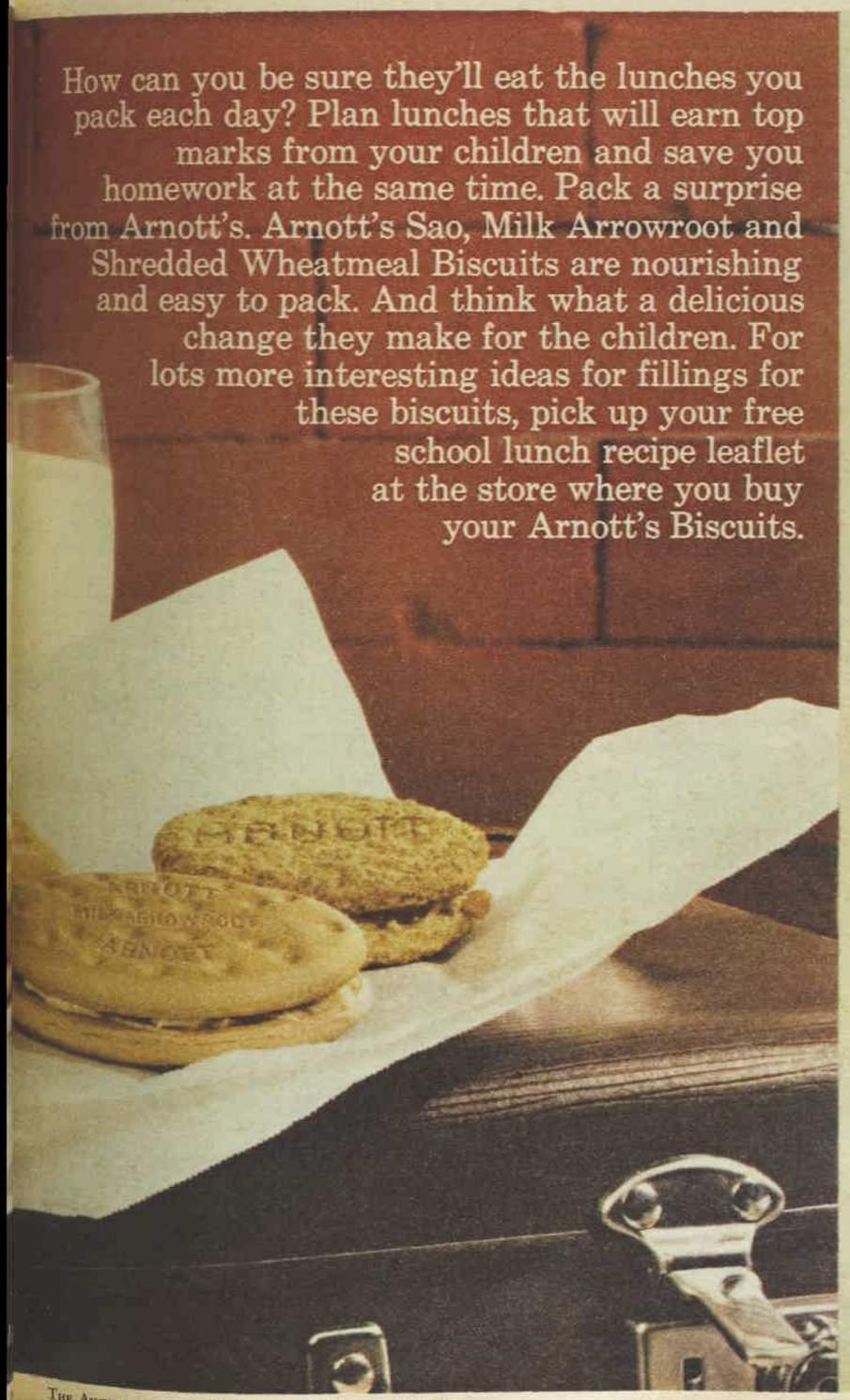
to school lunches with

Arnott's *famous* Biscuits

How can you be sure they'll eat the lunches you pack each day? Plan lunches that will earn top marks from your children and save you homework at the same time. Pack a surprise from Arnott's. Arnott's Sao, Milk Arrowroot and Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits are nourishing and easy to pack. And think what a delicious change they make for the children. For lots more interesting ideas for fillings for these biscuits, pick up your free school lunch recipe leaflet at the store where you buy your Arnott's Biscuits.



Quick Jam Sandwich: Here's a simple idea but one the children always go for. Wholesome, easily digested Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits sandwiched with their favourite jam.

Meal-in-the-hand Snack: Arnott's Famous Sao Biscuits go with sweet or savoury fillings. Here they are sandwiched with protein-packed baked beans and a thin slice of ham. Nourishing, energising, almost a complete meal.

Pineapple 'n Cheese Surprise: Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits have the wholesome natural flavour children like. Here they are sandwiched with cottage cheese and crushed pineapple.

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(Advertisement)

To Beautify Oily Skins

Skins which carry too much oil can now be cleared to normal radiant loveliness with a wonder-acting pink milk. This pink Entration milk, when smoothed on, absorbs excess skin oil and on contact with the moisture drains it from the complexion in seconds. It refines enlarged pores, cleanses greasy patches and corrects greasy skin conditions that lead to blemishes, blackheads and keratinisation. To give your complexion a peaches-and-cream softness, ask your chemist for a supply of Entration milk.

HALF A MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

wanted to help. They were an attractive young couple; too bad they had this trouble.

But she looked like a cheerful soul, and as if she could take care of him. The sea air might make him well; it had been known to work miracles.

On an Indian summer day the Moores arrived at the lighthouse with a truck and all their possessions. A few asters and chrysanthemums were still blooming, and there was a warm, golden sunset to greet them. They stacked everything in the two lower rooms, and when the truck drove off they went outside to look over their estate.

"The only thing I don't like," Gwen said, "is that barbed-wire fence around the place. It looks so unfriendly. We should tack up a sign saying 'Visitors welcome.'"

Tom frowned. "I don't want people to get the idea that they can barge in on us whenever they feel like it. It's too bad we can't have a telephone."

"Well, we can't get on a party line, and a private line costs too much. Maybe later," Gwen said, trying to sound promising. "And of course we'll want company — I don't want you to get bored with me. Besides, the people here seem nice, and they'll expect to come calling on us as soon as our curtains are up."

Tom's expression was one she had come to dread. He said, "They don't have to think that just because they had to pass on us they own us. I don't want their charity and I don't want them snooping. Let's have that understood from the start."

"We're not going to be hermits, are we?" Gwen asked, trying to make it sound as if he were joking.

"I don't want to meet anybody," Tom said. "Not for a while, anyway. Not until I get used to being half a man."

"Tom, don't!" Gwen cried. She looked away from him toward the Sound. "Look, aren't those porpoises?"

They ran to the rail that marked the edge of the land and a steep drop to the rocks below. Tom watched three porpoises arch through the grey water. "We could be in the middle of the ocean," he said with a return of interest. "Not such a bad place, is it?"

"We're going to love it," Gwen said, enthusiastically. "Let's go inside before it gets dark, and I'll see what I can cook up for supper."

They didn't do anything about the little building a few yards from the main house. It was there that the former tenant had died, and they didn't want to go inside. They hardly talked about it.

They painted the walls and the beams of their house and arranged their furniture as attractively as they could. Tom enjoyed doing things with his hands and Gwen kept finding things for him to do. When the weather was good he fished from the rocks. The doctor had advised a hobby and fishing was as good as any.

But even that benevolent Indian summer came to an end. The days grew shorter and it became too cold to stand on the rocks below and cast. Tom watched the local fishermen enviously. They went out regularly in their boats and caught enough fish to support their families. If only he had a boat, he might at least be able to feed his wife occasionally.

As it was, he could only sit around and watch what little money they had saved dribble away. He grew moody again, so Gwen started looking around for an old rowboat that would be both seaworthy and cheap.

She came back from the village one day with two pieces of good news. She'd located a boat — and a job for Tom. The job really had been offered to her, but she'd managed to get it for her husband. It was the sort of thing he could do without any strain on his heart, and although it didn't pay much, it would give him the feeling he was earning money again.

As Gwen drove around to the back of the house, she noticed a light in the front room. It was only four o'clock, but on these cold, sunless days the daylight went fast.

Gwen pushed open the door to the kitchen and dumped her groceries on the wooden table. She heard voices in the next room. Tom had company — that was good. The visitor arose as Gwen, her cheeks pink from the cold, entered the room.

"This is . . ." Tom began, then he frowned and the stranger said, "My name is Robert Bassett. How do you do, Mrs. Moore."

"How do you do," Gwen said cordially.

"I'll get to the point at once," he said, smiling. "I'm a painter, and like you and your husband, a fugitive from the city. I've been asking your husband if you'd consider renting me the building in the back for a studio. It's just what I've been looking for."

He was tall and thin and quite well dressed. His manner was charming and his voice cultivated. And yet in spite of the smile, his eyes were cold and grey — like the winter sea outside. Penetrating, too, like the wind.

Gwen hesitated, trying to catch her husband's eye for a cue. "Well," she said, "we haven't really thought of renting anything. We've barely got settled ourselves."

"I'd promise not to be a nuisance, not to sit in your pocket," the stranger said. "Only by invitation if you get lonely. And you might, you know, during the long winter."

There was a silence which Tom didn't help. He sat in his chair, adding nothing, only drawing on his pipe. He was leaving the decision to Gwen, throwing it in her lap.

She did some rapid figuring. If they asked fifty dollars a month, that would help considerably. And fifty was such a ridiculous figure to ask for that cold shack, he'd probably say no, and that would settle it. But suppose he jumped at it? He looked as if fifty, or even a hundred and fifty, meant nothing to him if he wanted something.

Gwen thought hard. He mightn't be any trouble at all; he looked as if he had a great deal of tact. And it would be good to have someone on hand to help in case —well, in case Tom became ill suddenly. That contingency had occurred to her, of course, and it had frightened her.

"We'll think about it," Gwen said. "It's something we hadn't considered. Will you have a cup of tea with us?"

"No, thanks," Mr. Bassett said. "I'll be getting back to the inn. You can reach me there any time for the next few days."

Gwen saw him to the door and they shook hands politely. When she returned, she said, "Everything seems to happen at once." She went over and kissed Tom and put her hand on his shoulder. "I've got lots to tell you . . ."

She always did have when she went to the village. She scraped up a lot of trivia and spun it out to amuse him.

"First," she said a little breathlessly, "we've got a boat. It's a dory, I think or a dinghy. Belonged on a big boat, you know. The kind of thing they have on hand in case of shipwrecks."

He looked interested. "Probably a wreck itself," he said with a half-smile. "Where is it and how much?"

"Not very much—thirty dollars. Mr. Mesner said it was a bargain. He's bringing it over tomorrow on his truck for your inspection. If it's a nice day, you can go out and try it."

"Sounds all right. We can't be lighthouse-keepers without a boat, that's certain. Now I can dash out on to the high seas and rescue people. Might even catch some fish and peddle them."

"No rescues," Gwen said sternly. "Remember, doctor's orders. And the second thing —you've got a job."

"No!"

"Yes. The town of Midford wants you to be an assistant postmaster. Four hours a day, three days a week. Pay very small. But pay."

He tried not to show any eagerness, but it was there, giving him backbone again. "What about civil service exams?" he asked.

"Not for an assistant. Mr. Bowles is postmaster, but he's also a lot of other things in town, and he needs a substitute for times when he has to be away. He calls it helping out in rush hours — that means if more than five people come for their mail at once. Twenty-five dollars, that's all. But . . ."

"No wear and tear. Fine. I'll take it."

"Isn't it wonderful the way everything falls into place?" Gwen said. "Like in a double acrostic. I'll get supper."

She had to go into the kitchen because she had an outlandish need to cry. Everything was going to work out well now. Tom would be too busy to get depressed, and the doctor had said that half the battle would be keeping him interested in living. And how little it took — just a second-hand boat and a boy's job! Tom, who had been one of the most successful copywriters in New York, a bright young man with a future.

"Stop it," she told herself through the tears. "Happiness is the most relative thing in the world—if you go on using a yardstick, you're sunk. All that matters, anyway, is for Tom to get well."

The subject of Robert Bassett didn't come up until they'd finished supper, although it was there in the back of their minds. It was almost as if they dreaded talking about it, as if they both understood they were building something very intimate and the intrusion of a stranger might spoil it. And as if they both knew they should be practical and realistic, and that what they really felt wouldn't be a

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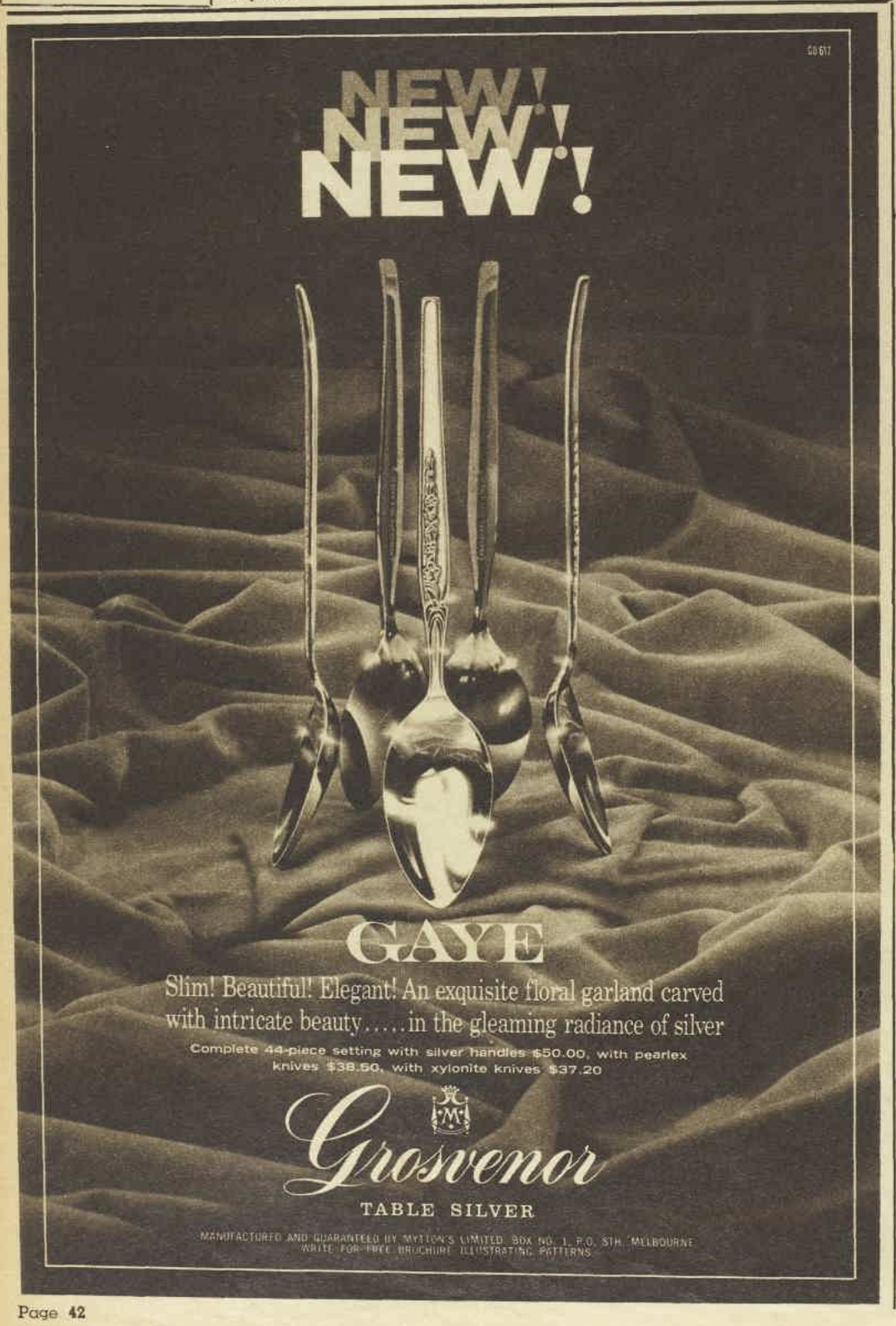

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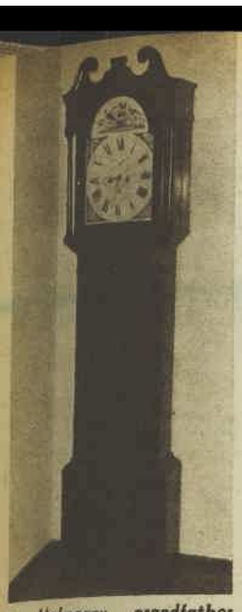
COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their beautiful and unusual clocks.



● Mahogany grandfather clock.

COULD you supply me with information about a grandfather clock (left) which has been in my family for several generations? It has the maker's name, Jos. Thompson, of Whitehaven, on the face.

The clock measures 7ft. 2in. tall, and is made from a reddish-brown wood and has veneer on front panel. The face is painted white with black figures. Above the face, three birds around a nest are painted in bright colors. On each corner of the face is a brightly painted sea - shell. — Mrs. Beryl Hopper, Swan View, W.A.

Your grandfather clock was made by Joseph Thompson, of Whitehaven, about 1795 to 1800. The case is mahogany.

* * *

I WOULD like some information about my clock (right). It was recently left to me by an old French lady. I understand it was made in France and my friend brought it out to Australia many years ago. — Mrs. Arthur Powell, Ferny Creek, Victoria.

This attractive French ormolu clock, with its enamel dial, was made during the mid-nineteenth century—Napoleon III era.

● French ormolu clock.

I HAVE an old French clock which was purchased in Paris about 30 years ago from a collector of clocks (picture not published). The main portion of the clock is copper with gilt scrolling and a gilt cherub at the front and gilt griffins at each side.

The face of the clock consists of two glass discs. The hand is attached to the rear glass and this revolves. Roman numerals are on the front glass. The clock has a silver chime each hour and half hour.

The only name appearing on the clock is "Brevet inventions." The number 116 is stamped on parts of the clock. The pendulum has number 401 on it. —"Old Clock," Tas.

This unique French clock was made about 1855 to 1865. It is a remarkably clever and beautifully designed example of the horologist's craft and exemplifies the zenith attained by the French clockmakers of the mid-nineteenth century.

* * *

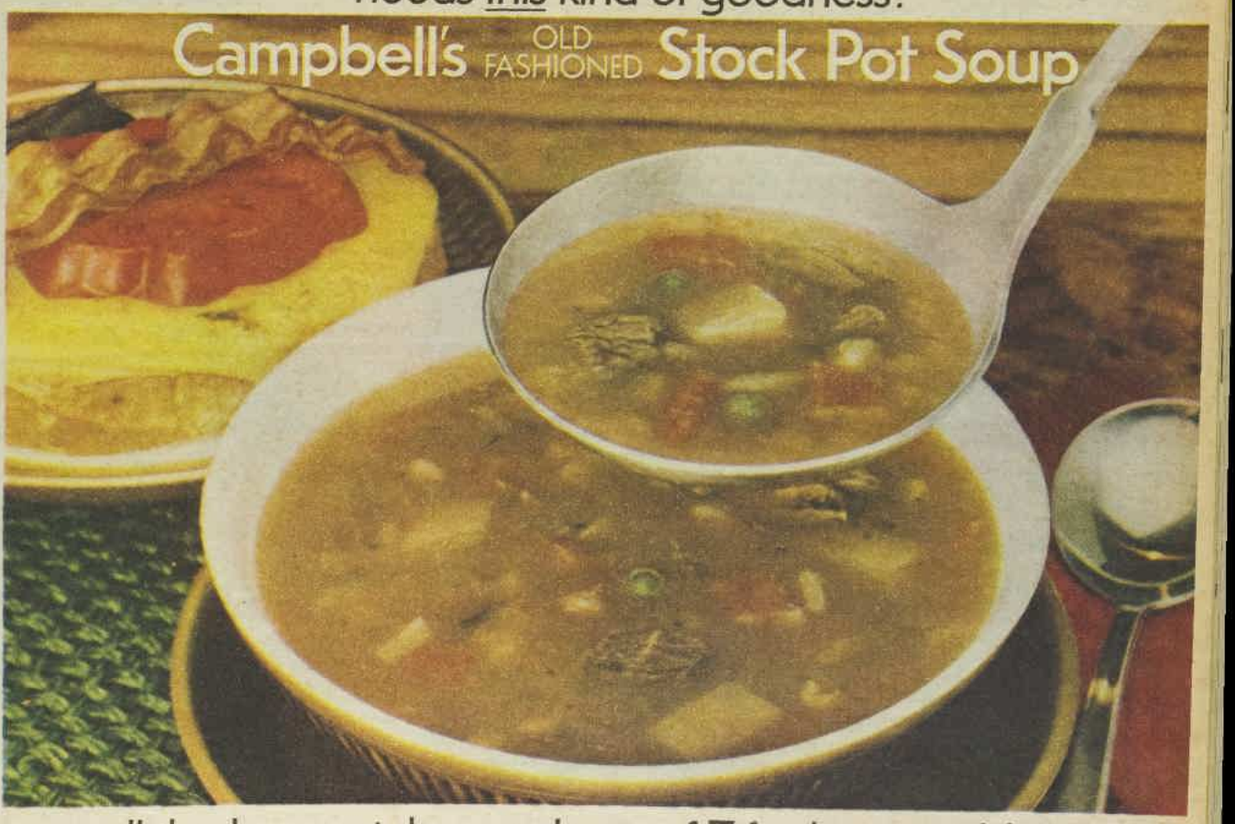
MY old French eight-day clock and case (below) is embossed with heavy brass castings. The stone pieces at the sides of the dial would be white or cream when cleaned. On the top is a woman with a book in her hand reading to a child. I would like to restore it to good order.—Mr. C. J. Henry, Glandale, N.S.W.

This decorative French ormolu clock with white enamel dial and inset with panels of alabaster, the case surmounted with a seated lady nursing a child, is about 80 or 90 years old. Usually, a pair of matching vases or candelabra completed the set, which originally stood on a plush-lined base of wood, the moulded border being treated in burnished gold leaf. Glass domes were used to protect the clock.

● Decorative French clock.

This kind of action

needs this kind of goodness!



all the home-style goodness of 7 fresh vegetables in a meaty broth, to pack action into kids!

What to give the busy-bunch for lunch? Action-packed plates of Campbell's Old-Fashioned Stockpot soup! Just like home-made, with garden-grown vegetables and a hearty meat broth. Simmered together to give kids the energy they need to skip the day away! This summer, make good-tasting Campbell's soup the hot-spot of a summer snack — and you make it more of a meal.

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How to look MORE YOUTHFULLY BEAUTIFUL

A Beauty Consultant discusses ways and means to recapture and hold the beauty of your complexion.

A few minutes spent each day following these beauty care suggestions will bring you rich dividends of greater loveliness and assurance, enable you to look younger than ever before.

YOUR SKIN

Every woman secretly dreams of possessing a lovely complexion, and today your mirror can so easily confirm beyond a doubt that modern beauty science has successfully evolved a method of keeping your skin constantly soft, fine-textured and endowed with the dewy bloom of youth.

After the mid-twenties, most complexions gradually begin to lose the natural oil and moisture content that keeps a young skin smooth and supple. Now, however, the discovery of a tropical moist oil with a consummate influence on skin cells has been found to simulate nature's skin-beautifying processes and effectively combats the years so that your complexion can enjoy unprecedented and lasting beauty.

★ ★ ★

This moist oil is isotonically balanced so that beauty elements are soaked deep-down into your skin, penetrating to the cells where replenishing oil and moisture is most needed. When smoothed over your face and neck each day and used as a beautifying base beneath make-up, tropical moist oil of Ulan provides all the nutriment and moisture required to resist tiny lines and wrinkle-dryness. Then, too, its natural hygroscopic properties serve to attract and draw in moisture from the surrounding atmosphere, so that the flower-like bloom apparent on your skin is maintained all through the day.

Nourish your complexion at night

An ultra-rich skin food is important, particularly after the age of twenty-five, when the vital elements needed to create a supple, smooth surface are in less ready supply.

Facial massage with Ulan vitalizing night cream at bedtime will bring the skin a velvety texture, fade away shadows and hold back dryness. Apply the cream lavishly and allow it to warm and melt its way into your skin. Use the cushions of your fingertips to smooth the cream in upward and outward directions, and gently coax it into the skin surrounding the eyes with a feather-light touch.

Cleanse without drying the skin

Cleanse your complexion with a gentle cleansing milk because, for one thing, it's quicker than a cleansing cream and, for another, its the most efficient medium

for removing grime and stale make-up. It softens and lifts impurities so that there's no necessity for rubbing the skin and it never dries the skin or removes the natural protective oils.

Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and neck in an upward direction. Work it gently round your nose, chin and hairline, where particles tend to accumulate, and allow the dissolving action of the milk a minute or two to float the dirt out. Then rinse your skin in tepid water and pat gently dry with a soft towel.

See how quickly and easily your complexion takes on a new clearness, how soft and satiny your skin feels to the touch.

Toning brings improved texture

Toning is the reviving and stimulating treatment that brings fresh blood to the skin

surface and rounds off the cleansing process by closing the pores and refining the complexion. Sprinkle lemon Delph skin freshener liberally on to a pad of cotton-wool and pat your face and throat briskly until the skin tingles. Toning and bracing the skin in this way is an excellent preliminary for beautifying and smoothing the complexion prior to applying make-up.

Your Make-up

This is the magic touch that makes a complexion come suddenly into full flower. Take care to smooth on a film of oil of Ulan before you blend a tinted base over your skin. The petal-flake foundations are superb. All you have to do is stroke on the creamy Evenmatt fluid make-up to create a breath - takingly beautiful complexion with a delicate, lasting bloom.

The Evenmatt petal-flake technique is particularly successful for covering unevenness of the skin, freckles, ageing lines and blemishes. A gentle blush of rouge on the cheeks comes next, and then the entire face and neck can be dusted with Evenmatt powder to match the foundation used.

Your eyebrows should be groomed and lightly pencilled into shape, and a pretty shadow chosen to blend above the eyes. Use liner along your upper lids, and two coats of mascara on the lashes to make them look long, soft and feathery.

Apply lipstick with a blunt-tipped brush to achieve a clear, sharp outline, then fill in with colour from the tube. Blot with a tissue. For really long-lasting results, apply colour and blot a second time.

Discover the true beauty of your hair

A gleaming head of beautiful, silk-soft hair makes any woman stand out in a crowd—and, nine times out of ten, it's the shampoo she chooses that primarily creates the shimmer and sheen in her crowning glory. The "Peek-in" Glow shampoos are excellent for giving hair the exquisite jewel-like tones seen when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. Simply by massaging this "glow" shampoo into your hair when shampooing, you bring out the rich translucent highlights and enhance the colour depths of your natural hair shade.

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HALF A MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

strong enough argument against the idea because neither of them could put it into words.

"It would be fifty dollars a month as good as found," Gwen said, bravely taking the lead. "And he might really mean it about keeping to himself. There's a separate entrance and the width of the backyard between us. We'd have to put in a kerosine stove and he could cook his own meals. I'd hate to turn down his offer. We'd never find fifty dollars as easily as that—"

"You don't have to be mercenary," Tom said with unusual sharpness. "We've been managing to get along all right."

"Yes, of course," Gwen said quickly. "But it would be nice to count on a little extra that we could put aside —"

"For my last sickness and the funeral," Tom said.

Gwen stopped him. "Don't talk that way! You're going to live for ever if you're just a little bit careful. The doctor said so. Besides, unless you deliberately want to be horrid to me, you'd know how that sort of talk makes me feel."

"Darling, I'm sorry," Tom put out his hand and touched her. He got up slowly. "Think it over yourself. If you're sure it won't be any extra work, let's tell Bassett he can move in."

"I'll tell him tomorrow," Gwen said, "when I go to the village." She turned on the radio. She wanted suddenly to fill the house with cheerful music, to drown out the everlasting sound of the waves washing over the rocks below.

GOOD weather came back, and Tom took the boat out almost every day and fished. His job at the post office kept him busy enough to enjoy his leisure, which was what Gwen had hoped for. She was busy herself with her house to care for and meals to prepare and various community activities in which she'd begun to take part. She liked being with other women, sharing their housekeeping problems and hearing about their husbands and children. She liked feeling part of the world, the normal world, liked feeling that she and Tom were normal people, too.

The tenant had moved in quietly, with furniture of his own in addition to his painting materials. He came and went in his car, and they hardly ever saw him.

One day toward the middle of December, Gwen returned from Midford a little later than usual. On the way home she had felt happier than she had in a long time. Every day Tom seemed stronger and in better spirits. The doctor had been so right when he told her that if she kept her husband cheerful and full of hope, nature might work a miracle.

She put down her parcels, then listened. Tom was talking earnestly with someone. She recognised the other voice as that of their tenant, Robert Bassett.

"Men no longer have a need to think," she heard Bassett say. "What we have become is a race of robots, material for armies, manpower for factories that turn out weapons for our own destruction. Civilisation is doomed. Its last chapter is being written."

Tom said, "Have another drink?"

"Thanks. What I mean to say is that the time for the artist, for people like us, individualists with our sentimental ideas of love for each other and for our so-called fellow man, is over. There is room for a few on top, trampling with big boots over the rest, pushing them farther toward the cliff: but for us, what is there left? To go off by ourselves and hug our last vestiges of private ambition? Rot. If I thought there was anything better in store for us in hell, I'd take off in my own time as a last gesture of individuality."

Gwen stiffened, and then a surge of anger sent her quickly into the next room. She glanced from one man to the other and saw the half-empty bottle between them. The atmosphere in the room was thick with gloom.

"Hello," she said, and lit the table lamp. "Nice of you to drop in, Mr. Bassett. I saw you go out this morning with your paints and was glad you had such a fine day. It's been wonderful weather, hasn't it?" She emptied an ashtray and put it back on the table with a bang.

Bassett had risen politely and she didn't ask him to sit down again. She looked at him as if she had suddenly discovered a cobra. The lean, dark face she had thought rather attractive now looked evil. She wanted him to go away and keep away from them with his poisonous talk.

"Gwen," Tom said, "why not ask Robert to supper?"

"Thank you very much," Robert Bassett said, "but not tonight. Do ask me again. I'll drop over tomorrow with those books, Tom. Thanks for the drinks and good talk. Good night."

Gwen went to the door with him. "Are you sure you're comfortable in the studio?" she asked. "The heating arrangement isn't much. I'm afraid you're going to be awfully cold this winter."

To page 47

Mrs. H. WIFE

"All right, all right, so we had Russian borsch twice this week."

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

By LORIMER HAMMOND

ONLY too well did Isobel Ferguson know how unreasonable it was for her to get mixed up with Kewpie Lynn. She was such a smart girl in so many ways, you would think nothing could have been less attractive to her than Kewpie's outlandish behaviour. And your thinking would be half right, but also half wrong.

Because while it was true that lots of Kewpie's cockeyed activities seemed absolutely awful to Isobel, he was just as apt to do things that made her crazy about him. For example, she tried her best to drop him completely when he organised a public demonstration in favor of jaywalking. Isobel's father, Judge Ferguson, was a traffic magistrate, so you can see why Kewpie's stunt infuriated her.

"You delirious madman!" she stormed at him. "Don't you realise the whole town would be littered with traffic victims if we didn't have strict laws against jaywalking?"

"The streets," Kewpie declaimed, "belong to the people. Let the horn-honking drivers watch out for the foot-weary citizens. I am defending the cause of pedestrian freedom."

"Oh fiddle-dee-dee!" exclaimed Isobel. "You are simply acting haywire as usual. That's what you're doing, and I've had more than enough of your way-out shenanigans. I'm through with you, Kewpie —through with you for ever!"

Ten days after that she was going out with him again, having learned from mutual acquaintances that he had been savagely bitten while stopping a big dog from killing a little dog.

"Kewpie, you simply baffle me," she said as she nestled fondly in the clasp of his bandaged arms. "One after another you do the nuttiest things, and then you turn around and do the nicest things. I can't ever guess what you're liable to do next."

"Neither can I," Kewpie said, and he wasn't fooling. He meant it.

He was not called Kewpie on account of any physical resemblance to those fat little kewpie dolls that used to be popular years ago. His full name was Quinby Palmer Lynn. His initials, Q.P., thus were responsible for the nickname. Far from being a fat little type, he was a tall good-looking lad, athletically slender, and he had a wistful smile that could be very appealing.

The professional circumstances of his career were neither eccentric nor altogether commonplace. He earned an adequate living as a technician specially trained to undertake the design and installation of tile floors, mostly in office buildings or industrial plants.

Knowing how Kewpie had stopped the dog fight, Isobel found herself forgiving him once again.

The work was congenial enough to him and kept him moving.

His next bizarre exploit brought him a loud blast of publicity that riled Isobel worse than ever.

"This time," she declared, "I'm definitely putting you out of my life just as though you'd never existed. That ridiculous picture of you in the newspaper was the last straw for me!"

Kewpie's act, in this case, resulted from an argument with an architect. The argument had something to do with methods of laying tile floors. The architect remarked that Kewpie's method was like having the cart before the horse. Whereupon Kewpie bet him a hundred dollars he could do a perfectly good job of driving with a horse hitched behind a cart instead of in front of it.

The architect tipped off some news photographers. Captions printed beneath the newspaper photos made humorous fun of his triumph. Under the photo that Isobel found particularly mocking, Kewpie was characterised in the caption as "Cart-Horse Philosopher With Reversible Wits." "It is the most utterly senseless clownishness I ever heard of!" Isobel exclaimed.

"But it worked," Kewpie said. "I won the bet."

"And lost every last shred of my affection for you," Isobel replied. "I don't want to have anything more to do with you as long as I live."

Her resolution to steer clear of him for life did not break down until about a month after the horse-and-cart episode. During that month she went out with a number of nice dignified young fellows, each of whom admired her gratifyingly. Yet all of them seemed dull and tiresome compared to Kewpie.

It wasn't until he got arrested that she heard of him again. She wouldn't have known about Kewpie's newest escapade if her father, Judge Ferguson, hadn't been told the story by a courthouse associate. The judge passed the details on to his daughter with a certain amount of poker-faced amusement.

"Your busy boyfriend," said the judge, "has been pinched by the cops for fishing money out of the Mozart memorial fountain."

That fountain, surmounted by a statue, commemorated the musical fame of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the composer, and was situated at the entrance of a public park. Somehow it was supposed to be lucky to throw coins into the fountain, from which a harvest of small change was reaped periodically for subsidising highbrow concerts.

"According to the report," said Judge Ferguson, "three hungry kids were eyeing the cash in the fountain, wishing they could get enough of it to buy hot dogs, but they didn't dare . . . well, along came your busy boyfriend. Found he didn't happen to have a cent in his pockets. Took off his shoes and socks. Rolled up his pants. Stepped into the fountain. Fished out three dimes and handed them to the kids. Then a cop nabbed him."

"Oh, what a good-for-nothing fool!" said Isobel.

"You're wrong there," said her father. "Flighty as he is, he keeps doing things, and that's a star quality. He has the restless vim that leads to accomplishment. . . . I know your temperament, my girl. You can't tolerate boredom. If you were Kewpie's wife you'd never have a dull moment, so I advise you to marry him."

The name Isobel is of Scottish origin. Prudent as they certainly are, the Scots nevertheless are an adventurous race. Isobel married Kewpie. She often wonders how reasonable it was of her to take her father's advice. Yet, she never regrets it.

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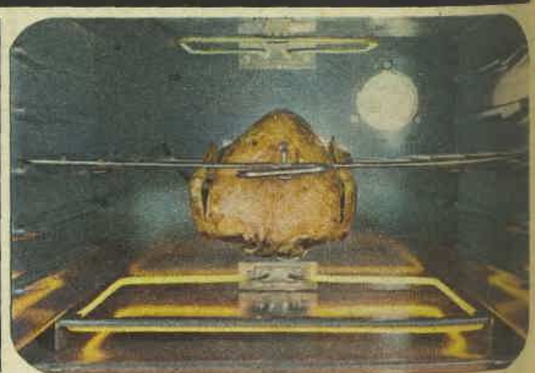

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HALF A MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"Everything is perfect," he said with a smile. "I'm quite contented."

She closed the kitchen door and stood against it for a moment, watching through the glass as he made his way into the other building. I must talk to him alone, she decided. He mustn't come here feeding that poison to Tom. He can keep his sour old philosophy to himself. We don't want any of it!

She started preparing supper and went into the other room to set the table. Tom was still in his chair, but his head was in his hands.

"Are you feeling all right, dear?" Gwen asked, trying to hide her anxiety.

He looked up and his face was grey and haggard — the way it had looked when he'd first become ill. "Is anybody feeling all right?" he asked bitterly. "Or can I be the only one who feels this way?"

"What way?" Gwen asked, gathering the glasses and the bottle and trying to keep her voice and hands steady. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just that we might as well face the fact that we're licked. The whole world is in a mess, too, if that's any consolation, which it isn't."

"We're not in a mess," Gwen said sharply. "Maybe we were, but we're getting out of it."

He shook his head. "Let's not go on fooling ourselves, Gwen. I'm sick. I'll never be anything but a burden to you. Do you want to go on living on the edge of the world this way, waiting for heaven knows what?"

GWEN held the glasses close to her so that she wouldn't drop them. Then she said, keeping her voice calm and clear, "I certainly want to go on living, if that's what you're asking. If there's anything more wonderful than waking up each morning and facing a new day, I can't imagine it."

"You don't understand," Tom said, misery in his eyes. "All you have to do is pick up the morning paper. All you have to do is read and think——"

"I do think," Gwen said, "I think all the time—of you and of us, and of all the beauty there is in the world handed to us free if only we know enough to recognise it. There are sick and tired people who try to make trouble, but we don't have to listen to them. We've got so much, Tom, and we're happy because we love each other and because we've found peace. Don't let anyone come in here and try to destroy us because he's unhappy."

Tom put out his hand, touched hers and withdrew his hand again. "I'm sorry," he said. "Go on and get supper. I'll wash the glasses." She felt his eyes on her as she left the room, and she knew he was making an effort to conquer his despair.

She tried to get rid of Robert Bassett. But it wasn't easy now that he had broken the ice and become friendly. He brought them presents — a bottle of scotch, an imported cheese, flowers for Gwen. His manner was suave and charming, and he brought a breath of the sophisticated world into the lighthouse. He might have been a welcome guest were it not for the bitter streak in him that came to the surface from time to time.

And to Gwen, who was fighting for Tom's life, he became a dangerous foe, a mortal enemy, but one whom she had to receive with at least the gestures of hospitality.

Winter settled over them. The winds blew more strongly from the Sound now, pounding against the lighthouse and the rocks below. There were fewer ships passing, and freqeuntly there were heavy storms, turning day into night. Tom's rowboat lay below, carefully secured and covered with an old tarpaulin. No one, no matter how ardent a fisherman, would go out in such choppy seas.

One cold January afternoon as Tom and Gwen returned from the village, they saw their tenant sitting before his easel on a point of land that jutted out to sea. He was wearing a heavy mackintosh and seemed too engrossed with his work to mind the cold. The sky was overcast and there had been storm warnings over the radio all day, but the cloud effects were magnificent.

"If he gets any of that on canvas before the storm, he's good," Tom said, as he and Gwen got out of the car.

They saw Bassett put down his brushes and pick up a pair of binoculars which he pointed somewhere between the rocks and the horizon. Then, apparently having seen them arrive, he turned and signalled them to come nearer.

"Looks like a small boat out there with two men in it. They seem to be having trouble," he called. "Take a squint at them through these, Tom."

Tom strode over and took the binoculars. "Couple of fishermen," he said. "Must be fools not to have listened to the storm warnings. They probably know what they're doing, though. The fish must be running well today, and they can't afford not to pick up an honest dollar. They'll be pulling for shore soon. I don't think we need worry about them."

. . . .

Tom and Gwen were just sitting down to cups of steaming tea when the storm broke. There were flashes of lightning and accompanying claps of thunder, and then a deluge. But it was warm and cosy in the house. Tom had taken off his heavy shoes and put on slippers and an old jacket. Gwen, watching him relax, told herself that he looked well, almost like his old self.

The next clap of thunder was followed by a sharp rapping at their door. Tom opened it and Robert Bassett, soaked and dripping, came in.

"Get your stuff stowed away before the rain?" Tom asked.

"Yes," Bassett said, "but I went out again to watch what was happening. That boat with the two fishermen had me worried. I stood on the point and there was a flash of lightning. They'd capsized, and the two of them were clinging to the boat. At least, I could make out one of them — I'm not sure of the other. Darn fools — they deserve to drown! What are storm warnings for but for them and their stupid tribe? But just the same—" He stared at Tom. "You're the lighthouse keeper, more or less, aren't you? I suppose something has to be done for them. There's your boat down there. I'll help you get it in the water."

"But Tom can't take a boat out in this weather," Gwen protested. "His doctor would never permit it. It might—"

"Kill him?" Bassett said calmly. "Maybe not. If we had a telephone, we could call the Coast Guard. But we haven't. And by the time we drive to a phone and get help, those fools will have drowned. I'll start getting the boat ready. No time to lose now."

He was gone. Tom went to the hook where his slicker hung and dug around for his rubber boots.

"Tom, you mustn't," she said. "I won't let you."

"I have to."

She put on her raincoat and went down the steep cliff with him. Bassett already had the tarpaulin off the boat.

"I'll take the oars," he said crisply. "Tom, all you have to do is bail and take it easy. Don't try to help those idiots get aboard. I'll manage that. Shove us off, Mrs. Moore, and watch out for that rock —it's slippery."

The icy water came up to her knees before she got the boat pushed off into the breakers. She stood there watching them until they were lost in blackness. Then carefully she climbed back over the rocks until she was safe on land.

She got busy at once, starting a pot of coffee and kettles of hot water. She brought spare blankets from the cupboard and hung them next to the stove.

When the coffee was made she threw on the clammy raincoat again, picked up a lantern, and ran out. She slid down the cliff to the rocks and waited. And she prayed. She prayed for all of them, Tom and Bassett and the two fishermen.

Tom will be all right, she told herself. His heart will find the strength to keep going. And Bassett? Bassett who talked of his contempt for the human race and who had taken it as a matter of course that he and Tom should risk their lives to save two unknown fishermen? God will take care of him, too, she thought. He understands Bassett better than I do.

Then she heard the sound of oars and of high waves lapping viciously at the sides of the small boat. She heard the scraping of the boat's bottom on the rocks, and she waded into the icy water again to pull them to shore.

Tom was the first man out; then he helped the others, who seemed exhausted. Bassett made the boat fast and Gwen, holding the lantern, led the procession to the house. Nobody had said a word. They drew up chairs in the kitchen and Gwen filled the cups with coffee while Tom passed around a bottle of rum. Gwen brought towels and dry shirts and went to the bedroom to put on dry things herself. She could hear the voices as she dressed.

"Why in blazes did you want to put out today in the face of the storm warnings?" Robert Bassett demanded.

One of the men answered, "The fish were running and they bring good prices this time of year. We've done it before."

"You mean you were ready to risk your lives, to say nothing of ours, for the sake of a mess of fish that would net you thirty cents?" Bassett said contemptuously.

"You don't think of that when you've got a living to make," the other man said. "Thanks for what you've done. We'd better be getting along now."

The two fishermen stood up. "We'll be back tomorrow to look for our boat," one said. "She wasn't insured."

Then Bassett spoke. "She'll be driftwood by tomorrow. Come along—I'll drive you back to the village."

When they were alone Gwen sat down and poured herself some coffee. "Was it awful?" she asked.

"Awful?" Tom lit his pipe and squared his shoulders. "It wasn't too bad. They had strength enough to yell out so we could locate them. After we got them into our boat I took the oars and rowed back. Bassett seemed all-in." He began to laugh. "It's a good joke on the doctors, isn't it? They give me up, tell me not to lift a finger or else. Yet when it comes to something like this, I can pull it off like nothing at all. Never better in my life, as a matter of fact."

"Being a hero becomes you," Gwen said.

"Hero, heck," Tom said, but he looked pleased with himself. "It was all Bassett's idea, wasn't it. Queer duck. Goes around saying how much he despises people and then goes and saves a couple of them from drowning. You never can tell, can you?"

Gwen washed the cups and glasses and set the table for breakfast. When she heard Bassett's car she threw a scarf over her head and went outside.

"Mr. Bassett," she called. "I — I just wanted to tell you how splendid I think you were tonight."

"Reflex action, that's all. Commonly called instinct. If I'd thought about it, I suppose I'd have let them drown. How's Tom?"

"He's fine," Gwen said with enthusiasm. "I guess he needed something like that to prove to himself he was a whole man."

She held her breath, then blurted out, "Thank you. Thank you for giving that to Tom, for saving him as much as you saved the others."

He stood looking down at her for a few seconds. Then he took her hand and kissed it. "Good night," he said.

"Good night, Robert. Come to breakfast, won't you? Or lunch?"

"Lunch will be fine," he said. "Thanks a lot."

She returned to the house and stood at the window till she saw the light go on in the studio. She wasn't afraid any more. Not of anything.

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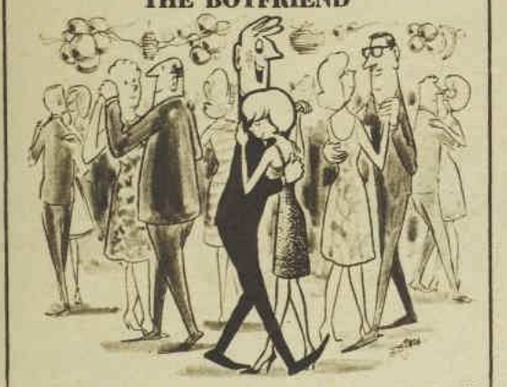
THE BOYFRIEND



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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

Continued from page 35

FEBRUARY 13

1832 The King's School, Parramatta opened.

1844 John Knatchbull hanged outside the Darlinghurst Jail, Sydney.

Knatchbull, son of an English knight, was transported in 1824 for theft. He won his freedom by inducing other convicts to attempt to escape and then denouncing them to the authorities. Convicted again of forgery, he organised a plot to murder the officers of the prison on Norfolk Island. The plot failed and 13 conspirators were hanged, but Knatchbull talked his way out of execution. On his release he returned to Sydney. In order to get money for marriage to a young widow he callously murdered a woman who had a small shop.

1896 The steamboat Pearl was ferrying passengers across the Brisbane River in the heart of the city when she struck the anchor-chains of a yacht and sunk. The death-roll is uncertain; 28 bodies were recovered.

1938 The Rodney disaster. The double-decker ferry Rodney was farewelling the U.S. cruiser Louisville when she capsized and sank near Bradley's Head, Sydney Harbor. Women and girls predominated among the passengers, 19 of whom drowned.

FEBRUARY 14

1779 Murder of Captain James Cook in Hawaii. Cook was revisiting Hawaii in command of the Resolution. The natives, at first friendly, became more and more arrogant. Cook finally took an armed guard ashore to visit the king and take hostages for good behaviour. The natives attacked the guard and drove the party back to the beach. Cook was struck down from behind and killed and his body partly eaten by native chiefs. His skull, scalp, hands, and the bones of his limbs were recovered by Lieutenant Clerke after burning the native village, and reverently given a sunset burial at sea.

1908 Death of David Syme, "uncrowned king of Victoria." Syme was the owner of the Melbourne "Age," and his advice was sought by premiers and ministers for nearly 40 years.

FEBRUARY 15

1823 First known discovery of gold in Australia, near the Fish River, between Bathurst and Rydal, N.S.W.

The existence of gold was known long before Hargraves' discovery in 1851, but the Government suppressed the news. It was feared that a goldrush might have serious consequences in what were still penal settlements, and also add to the labor shortage.

1937 At the State Coal Mine, Wonthaggi, Victoria, an explosion blocked the entrance and killed 13 men.

FEBRUARY 16

1793 The first free settlers arrived. The settlers — Thomas Rose, with his wife and four children, Edward Powell, Thomas Webb, Joseph Webb, and Frederick Meredith—got large grants of land that are now Sydney suburbs.

1804 David Collins, first Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania, landed at Risdon Cove. Almost immediately he moved across the River Derwent to where Hobart now stands.

Collins did his best to repress "the murders and abominable cruelties practised upon the natives by the white people," but the means at his command were inadequate.

FEBRUARY 17

1788 Discovery of Lord Howe Island by Lieutenant Ball. Henry Lidgbird Ball, commander of HM tender Supply, discovered the island during a voyage from Port Jackson to Norfolk Island. It was named after Richard Howe, the famous British admiral. No traces have been found of any previous occupation by natives.

1807 Birth of Charles Perry, first Anglican Bishop of Melbourne. Perry was responsible for initiating in Australia the practice of government through a synod composed partly of clergy and partly of laymen elected by the parishes.

1864 Birth of "Banjo" Paterson. Andrew Barton Paterson was educated at the Sydney Grammar School. Trained for the legal profession, his success as a poet weaned him from the Law, and as "The Banjo" he became familiar to readers of the Sydney "Bulletin." He had a larger sale outside Australia than any Australian writer of ballads. Best known are "Clancy of the Overflow," "The Man from Snowy River," and "Waltzing Matilda."

FEBRUARY 18

1793 First school in Australia opened. No schoolteacher was appointed officially to accompany the First Fleet in 1788. Australia's first teacher was a convict, Isabella Rosson, who taught—probably in a hut—in 1789.

1872 Death of Andrew Petrie, Queensland pioneer and explorer. Petrie was engineer of works and subsequently became the builder of much of early Brisbane.

1913 Death of George Lewis Becke, known as Louis Becke, short-story writer and novelist. Becke was born at Port Macquarie, N.S.W., one of the 12 children of a local magistrate. As a youth he voyaged in the South Seas, working on trading vessels, some trips in the employ of the notorious W. H. ("Bully") Hayes. These experiences provided much of the material for his 30 published books.

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12 BETTER WAYS TO CARE FOR A PATIENT AT HOME

SICKROOM LITTER IS IN THE BAG

PIN a litter bag to the side of the bed so that the patient does not have to reach too far to get rid of fruit peels, tissues, rubbish.

• Dull jangling sounds by putting the finger of a glove over the hammer of your doorbell and a teacosy over the telephone.

• Cut a semicircle out of each of the two long sides of a cardboard carton and you have a fine bed table. The cut-out parts make room for the legs, and a tray, book, or toys can rest conveniently on top.

• Tablets can be crushed easily by pressing them between two spoons (left).

• A hand towel folded over the handles of the sickroom door keeps it from slamming.

NICE MEDICINE!

IF the medicine has an unpleasant taste, a piece of ice held on the tongue for a few moments first will numb the taste buds. This saves much distress.

• Set the alarm clock at the time when the next dose of medicine is to be taken.

Plus • Use a sheet of foam-rubber as a tray cloth to stop cups and plates from slipping during meals in bed.

• To keep a sickroom cool, tack a piece of wet muslin, or similar material, over an open window. Keep it wet with a sponge.

• Unless the child in bed is asleep, don't be particular about not making any noise. If he cannot hear you moving about, he is more likely to become restless, or get up and look for you.

• Make a vacuum flask of tea or coffee in the morning (or fruit drink for a youngster) so you are not bothered with this through the day. It can be left by an older person's bed.

• A patient who has difficulty sitting up or turning over in bed can pull himself up with a sheet tied to the foot of the bed.

Exotic! New Rosella Pineapple and Veal Hawaiian

Big bite-size chunks of prime tender veal – full of meaty goodness. Richly flavoured with exotic spices and juicy golden pineapple. Serve alone or with rice for a magnificent meal for two or more. Aloha – it's instant Hawaii!

Exciting! New Rosella Tomato and Veal Mexicana

Lots of rich lean veal – big tempting pieces. And luscious ripe tomatoes, zingy red and green peppers and expensive spices. Serve it with seasoned rice – or with jacket potatoes ... Olé – it's instant Mexico!

Tonight! These fabulous meat dishes are just as close as your cupboard
Rosella's new Minit Meals

MM 1/92 WWJPC

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Furniture in the combined living-dining area was designed by Mr. and Mrs. Booden and built to their requirements. The pieces are all of teak, and include wall shelves, a bar, cabinets, and a dining suite.

WITH the help of architect Bruce Wholohan, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Booden have created for themselves a secluded retreat in densely populated Woollahra, N.S.W., just three miles from the heart of Sydney.

Their retreat is a new L-shaped home built of sandstock bricks rescued from a demolished wing of nearby Scots College, in Bellevue Hill; their seclusion is made possible by the design of the house and the location of the site — on a steep hillside, with no traffic on any of its boundaries.

The site for their new house was a small, narrow subdivision of a large residence, but it offered one advantage — a northern aspect with a fine view of the Harbor.

"The block was overshadowed by large adjoining buildings," said Mr. Wholohan, "so we had to create atmosphere and privacy within the site itself."

The house is so designed that all the main living areas overlook or open on to terraces and sun courts, as for example the one adjacent to the entrance.

Here, sandstock brick walls protect and make private a paved court which, with its pot-plants and rockery, makes a pleasant outlook for the dining and living areas.

The house is so orientated that the main living areas—family-room, kitchen, master bedroom, and living-room, at the northern end of the site, all benefit from a maximum of winter sun and cool, north-easterly breezes in summer.

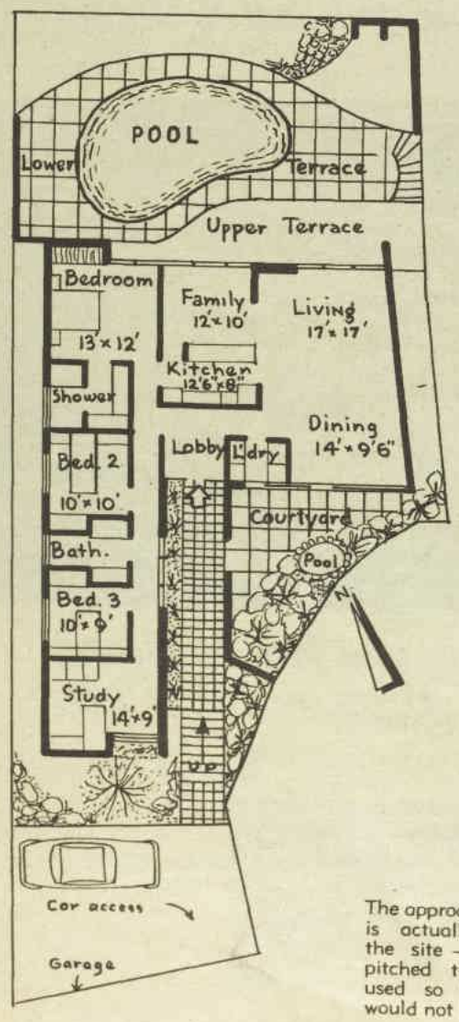
All these rooms open on to an elevated terrace overlooking the swimming-pool.

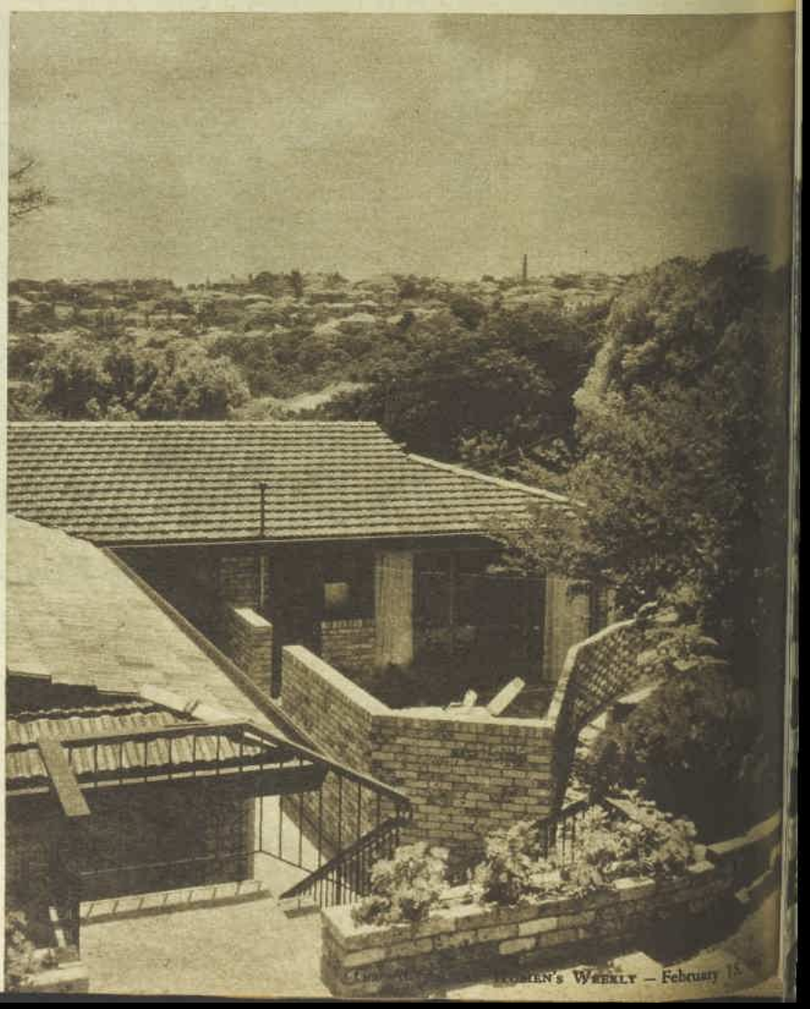
The sandstock bricks, believed to be over a century old, were used not only in construction of exterior walls but also for the interior walls in the family- and living-rooms.

Floors are of timber, except in the entrance lobby, which is an extension of the quarry-tiled entrance path. The low-pitched roof is of dark brown tiles.

Story by Sandra Funnell
Pictures by Ron Berg

SECLUSION NEAR





The approach to the house is actually 8ft. above the site — and a low-pitched tiled roof was used so that the roof would not be at eye level.

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Lower level of the house is taken up with a poolside changing room and a bathers' shower recess. A stairway of concrete aggregate leads from the sunny terrace down to this poolside area.

THE CITY

HOUSE of the WEEK

Master bedroom overlooks the pool, and has a separate dressing suite with shower room and open walk-in wardrobe. Practical bedhead was designed by the owners.

Front sun court was originally a 20ft.-deep hole. Mr. Boaden, who did all the landscaping himself, filled it in and established a flourishing rockery.

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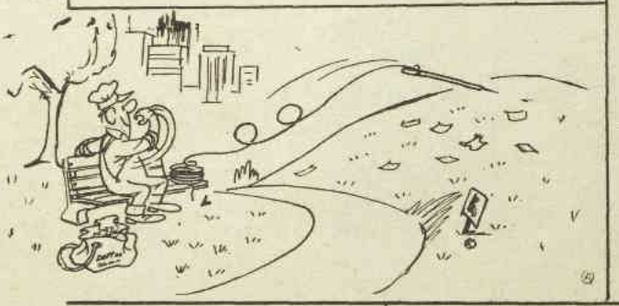
MEN AT WORK



"He's an excellent plumber, but I don't care much for his helper."

"I have a letter here, claiming you didn't return a wave."

"Now then, what's your complaint about the new office boy?"

"It looks like I'll be working overtime tonight, dear!"

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● *Long - sleeved short-cut shift (left) made in grey-white wool frosted in silver. Note drop earrings—they're autumn news.*

GLITTER in the NIGHT LIGHT

GET on the glitter-go-round. The dress that shines in the night is making the big time in autumn fashion. It can be short and brilliant or have all-over beading to the floor. In classic designs, nothing could be more luxe or more perfect for the elegant woman who is rebelling against the gimmicky and the extreme in fashion.

—BETTY KEEP

● *The soft little knitted dress in glitter fabric is autumn news for the cocktail hour. At left: the dress is sleeveless, front-buttoned. The belt is in self material.*

● *All-over beaded green silk organza evening shift with body-skimming lines (above). The short sleeves and high round neckline are banded with heavy matching jewels.*

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"I will never watch my child run and take it for granted. For too many months I feared she would never run like other children."

The child who walked late

• South Australian reader MOIRA THOMAS tells of the anxiety she suffered until she saw her little daughter, who had shallow hip sockets, stand and walk like a normal child.

SHE was my first baby, round, beautiful, quite perfect, or so I thought. I took her proudly to the clinic for her first visit, and she was given a thorough examination.

Sister peered for some time at two little creases just inside the upper portion of one leg. The other leg had only one crease.

"Show this to your doctor when you have your check-up when baby is six weeks old. It's probably nothing to worry about, but I'd like him to see it," Sister said.

"What could it be?" I asked.

"She might have been born with dislocated hips."

A frightening possibility.

"It's not as bad as it sounds," Sister said, reassuringly. "She would be in plaster for a few months, and it doesn't seem to worry them when they're tiny. Babies are very adaptable."

I showed my obstetrician the extra crease on the baby's upper leg which had worried Sister. He rotated the hips in several directions, and, to my relief, pronounced that they were not dislocated.

"You're fortunate to have such an observant clinic sister. They have to be extra cautious, as they carry such responsibility," he said.

I thought very little more about the matter until the baby was close to nine months of age and showed no signs of sitting up.

"Has your doctor ever suggested X-raying her hips?" Sister asked.

"She hasn't been ill, so I haven't visited the family doctor since she was born," I answered.

"Then perhaps you'd better see him," she suggested. "Most babies are making an effort to sit up by this age."

This made me worry, and I immediately took the baby to our doctor. He agreed that an X-ray might be wise, and made an appointment.

I had to wait several days for the result, and was then told that the radiologist needed more X-rays, with the legs in another position.

This really worried me, and there were more long days of waiting. Finally I visited my doctor, and he read me the report. It was highly technical, but one phrase remained in my memory. "The hip sockets are within normal limits."

Soon after this the baby sat up. I felt now she was making some progress. When she was about 11 months old, a good friend, who is a physiotherapist, remarked: "If she were my baby I'd be inclined to take her to a specialist."

She mentioned the name of an orthopaedic surgeon considered to be one of the best in Australia.

I was grateful for the wise advice. Again I went to our family doctor, wondering if he would think me a fusspot and a fool, but I think he understood that I needed reassuring. He wrote me a note to see the specialist.

I had to wait some weeks for an appointment, and when I finally met the surgeon I was surprised to find him younger than I had anticipated, kindly, and wonderful in the way he handled a small child. He asked many questions.

"Have you any relatives with hip troubles?" he inquired.

"Not that we know of," was all I could say. "I don't even know the names of my first cousins, let alone their medical histories." My husband's family and mine are spread around the globe.

Early treatment best

"The hip sockets are certainly shallow," the surgeon remarked, as he viewed the X-rays. "But they may possibly deepen without the need for an operation. I'll see her again in six months, and we'll take some more X-rays."

"I hope you don't think I'm wasting your time?" I asked.

"It's relatively easy to correct bone problems in very young children, and more difficult as they grow older," he said. "I only wish every mother who suspects a bone deformity in her child would bring it along as soon as she notices it."

By the time she was 18 months old she still made no effort to move, and sat wherever she was put, playing quite happily.

I had read enough books on child development to know that every child develops at its own rate, that temperament has much to do with it, that there is no such thing as an average child.

However, I watched children of the same age get up and walk, climb, and run while my child sat, and it hurt me.

She loved food, and put on too much weight. I tried to keep her on a sensible diet, but with no exercise she gained weight no matter what she ate.

Despite the fact that she was 18 months old, the doctor seemed unconcerned when he saw her again and learnt that she was not yet crawling.

"When her hips are ready she will use them. Nature can't be hurried," he comforted me.

"What's the worst I may have to face?" I asked.

"She may need an operation, after which her legs would be in callipers for a short while, but only a matter of weeks."

Of course, it could have been a much worse prospect, but I lay in bed at night wondering what it would be like for my little one in hospital after an operation.

She would miss us and fret, and we, in turn, would be lost without her. They were not thoughts I wanted to dwell on, but I could not push them out of my mind.

The following six months were the worst. Everywhere we went — to visit friends, to the shops, to the clinic — people inquired: "Is she walking yet?"

Just after 18 months she began to walk on her knees. It wasn't crawling, as her trunk was erect.

I padded her coogans with foam plastic to protect her knees, but they became so hardened that she could scrape them along concrete without being hurt.

I prayed that she would walk by her second birthday. She commenced talking quite early, and it was a comfort to realise that mentally she was quite normal.

Because she couldn't run and explore the outside world, she used her fingers swiftly, deftly. She pored over books and magazines, which amused her for hours.

Six weeks after her second birthday she took her first steps. She walked from her bedroom, through the hall into the dining-room, a distance of about 30ft., where she collapsed, laughing, into her father's arms.

From that day on she insisted on walking everywhere, and within a month one afternoon she walked a mile — not my idea, but she scorned the stroller.

A week after she took her first steps we were due to visit the specialist again. He was delighted when she walked through the door to meet him. The new X-rays showed that the hip sockets had deepened a little.

When my little daughter was two and a half she had the final X-rays. The hips had at last developed normally, and she could do everything other children do.

I learnt several things from the experience. I began to appreciate the heartache for the women whose children deviate from the normal.

My little one is now three, and as I watch her racing round our garden—I am so thankful.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 34. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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The teacher who never smiled

● Blanky was a stern, old-fashioned schoolteacher, but he could see beauty in mellowed brick and conjure up, in drab industrial streets, the green vineyards and little blue grape carts that had once inhabited them. Victorian reader ELIZABETH AINSWORTH recalls her old teacher with gratitude and affection.

HIS name was Mr. Blenkiron, but the children attending West Brunswick State School called him "Blanky" — behind his back, naturally.

To his face he was sir. "Yes, sir," "no, sir," "please, sir," we all piped, meek and respectful.

When our class, 7th Grade, was sent to his room for an interview before the beginning of a new year, when he would be our teacher, we all sat rigidly prim as he began to address us.

He was tall, of almost military bearing, and possessed of a teacher's greatest gift—a stern, unsmiling visage.

His voice came harshly to us as he began to tell of the serious year's study ahead.

We would be working with him for our Merit Certificate—that magic passport which would enable us to "obtain a job anywhere in the British Empire."

It was a hot day, and nervous perspiration poured from us. Flies crawled over our faces, but no one dared move a muscle. Blanky's cold, glittering blue eyes transfixed us. We had heard how he "hated people fidgeting."

Then, suddenly, "Relax, children," he said. "I do not expect you to be statues. Don't try so hard to be good. Just try to listen.

"I shall expect you to work hard, but I shall always endeavor to be fair and just."

This seemed rather an odd statement from a teacher, but we found it was true. Blanky's dedication to his work made punishment unnecessary.

Our fear gave way to respect in that hard year of study. Blanky still never smiled, but was pleased with our diligence. He even said to the headmaster in our hearing that this was the best Merit Class he'd taken.

Had he said this of previous students, now graduated into the great world armed with their Merit Certificates? We didn't want to know. Praise is such a precious thing in a child's life.

He worked us cruelly on the maths, English, and other subjects essential for the coveted Merit, but added entrancing extra subjects as relaxation.

One of these was the History of Brunswick. We knew that the town was named for Queen Victoria's consort, Albert, of the House of Brunswick, and that Victoria and Albert Streets were named after them.

Beauty in words

But it was surprising to learn that the old, densely populated town, soiled by industry, once was green and fair with vineyards; that those narrow streets—Albert, Victoria, Albion, Union—had been grape lanes, where the little blue carts had been driven, filled with the lush purple and green of the harvested fruit.

Blanky took us on expeditions to see the brick quarries, once Brunswick's biggest secondary industry, and marched us round to Whitby Street to see the beauty of the pale, green-grey bricks that made the old Whitby Mansion. They were hand-made, and had cost the fabulous sum of 5½d. each, some 60 years before.

Afterward, he allowed us to sit in the sunshine on the bank of the Moonee Ponds Creek and write an essay about it all.

"I want facts," he said. "Only facts are useful in writing. Use the beauty of words — but keep them truthful."

I was ill after the Merit exam, and did not return to school. My schoolmates told me everyone cried when leaving day came.

Blanky gravely shook hands with each pupil as he presented the Merit Certificate, but my small brother, who collected it, declared, "Blanky was so nice. He *smiled* when he gave it to me."

When Blanky was transferred to Kilmore School, a Melbourne newspaper asked: "Was it a joke on the part of the Education Board that Mr. Blenkiron was transferred from Kilmany to Kilmore?"

Recently, driving among the picturesque hills of Kilmore, we passed the little schoolhouse, and I wondered, did the children of Kilmore learn of the history of their town from Blanky?

Did they learn to set down only facts when writing? Do any of them remember him, across the years, as I do?

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4973425

COURTYARDS

By ALLAN SEALE

• They can be made into gay little havens

A SMALL yard may be one of a home's best assets, offering out-of-doors comfort, beauty, and privacy.

The basic requirement is some form of walling to screen off the area. In most cases this has to hide the outside surroundings from the courtyard, as well as give privacy, so it should be at least six feet high, or taller where close buildings need to be screened.

On the other hand, where possible it should be low enough to allow winter sun to enter. Walled in from winds, a courtyard can be a cosy sun trap in winter. So it might be more practical to keep the solid wall at about six feet, and erect or plant taller screening where needed.

Before finally deciding on the height, set a few tall stakes or suspend clothesline rope at various heights to determine the effect of screening at different hours of the day (making due allowance for the sun being at a lower angle during winter).

The enclosure need not be expensive. Some of the terrace houses in our older cities already have backyards enclosed or partly enclosed by brick walls. These may need only a little repair and ingenuity to transform them into pleasant courtyards.

Where the brick has been attractive it may be restored by cleaning, but, in most cases, a coat of light paint or whitewash will perform a welcome transformation.

PRIVACY of a walled courtyard is shown at a home at Clareville, N.S.W. Wisteria trails along the wall, shading spots in the summer, letting the sun through in winter. Attractive garden furniture, a bonsai azalea, and potted geraniums add to the color of the courtyard.

Concrete masonry is also popular for outdoor walls and is easier to erect than brick. Open-screen designs are attractive and give privacy from a distance, but solid blocks would be preferable if the wall is close to the limits of the property.

Paling fences can be made to look more substantial and attractive with timber strips 2in. wide and 1in. thick nailed at even spacings to cover the slits between the palings. Finish off with a coping of 4in. x 2in. or 5in. x 2in. timber along the top.

The lot may then be stained with wood oil or painted a light color (the lighter finish is usually preferable in a small area).

The idea of attaching vertical slats is only satisfactory when the palings are on your side of the fence. On the rail and post side 2in. x 1in. slats could be used effectively to form a square lattice, which may be stained or painted to mask the fence.

First nail vertical strips at about 6in. spacings between top and bottom rail, leaving sufficient overlap to cover to the top of the fence. Then nail lateral strips to form 6in. squares. Encourage **ivy, fatshedra, philodendron,** or **rhynchospermum** to twine through the lattice.

Another treatment for this side of the paling fence is to fix 5in.- or 6in.-wide shelves running between the posts. These can be painted and carry the occasional pot or trough planted with spillovers, such as **ivy, lotus, vinca, cascading petunias,** or **ivy geraniums.**

Use two, three, or four shelves to a panel, varying the number between each or occasionally changing to a panel of lattice or some other treatment.

Basket-weave fences can be made by weaving ½in. x 4in. timber between 4in. x 2in. uprights spaced 2ft. apart. Boards are nailed where they cross the uprights. For convenience these would be constructed in panels, say, 8ft. long, which would involve four uprights and 9ft. lengths of timber, trimming the overlap after fixing.

Walls of tea-tree sticks make a pleasant, natural-looking background for the courtyard. These are difficult to obtain in some areas, but are readily available in Melbourne and Perth. Bamboo, obtainable in some parts of northern Australia, can be used similarly.

PAVING: The choice here will depend on personal preferences and the amount you are prepared to spend on the project.

If the area is to be used for family living and entertaining, the floor surface must be practical. Under this heading are many types of concrete finishes, from a plain surface finished in neat squares to all types of interesting aggregates.

Precast rectangular paving blocks are easy to obtain and lay, especially for small areas.

Bricks laid on a bed of sand, with sand- or mortar-filled joints, make an attractive and serviceable paving.

Stone fits with any setting, and square quarry tiles always look right.

For variation, use panels of gravel, lawn, or other ground cover away from the main trafficways.

PLANTING: Even though the space may be limited, try to incorporate at least one tree. It would not be a large one, just tall enough to form a living canopy over part of the area. Give preference to a deciduous one which gives shade in summer and allows the winter sun to penetrate its leafless branches.

In cool areas, **birch, cherry,** or **maple** would be fine. For more temperate climates **crab-apple, celtis, prune,** or even a frame covered with **grape** or **wisteria.** Warmer semi-tropical areas have such trees as **Poinciana regis, leopard tree, bauhinia,** or tall-growing **Lagerstroemia indica rubra.**

Against light, sunny walls add shrubs which do not become bulky and provide interesting tracery. These include **Camellia sasanqua, Bauhinia galpinii, Cotoneaster horizontalis, C. microphylla, Abelia azara,** and **Aralia elegantissima.** Most will need an occasional trim and encouragement to spray against the wall.

For dramatic relief, use a **variegated** or **purple flax, cordyline, strelitzia,** or **agave.**

In shaded areas **Camellia sasanqua** is again useful. Also **Aucuba japonica aurea, nandina, ardesia,** or **coprosma.** Coprosma is available in green and variegated forms, both adaptable to full sun or shade.

Ivy is a useful plant, especially for shaded or covered areas where most other plants do not grow willingly. It can be encouraged to cling attractively to walls and fences, or used as a spillover or a ground cover, or even trained as a small formal shrub or tiny tree.

In some situations interesting effects are achieved by raising the main garden area several feet like a large planter box.

Continuous seating might be fixed along the retaining wall of this raised garden. Wall construction could be of concrete, brick, cement blocks, or long-lasting timber such as ironbark or American redwood. Purchase of soil would be involved unless it was saved from the site during levelling or excavating.

There are many attractive spillover plants for raised gardens or planter boxes. They include **prostrate rosemary, Lotus petio rhynchus, felecia, Cuphea ignea, Vinca variegata, Geranium icanum, Convolvulus mauritanieus, rhynchospermum, Mussaenda frondosa, Lonicera aurea reticulata, Abutilon vexilarium, ivy geraniums, mesembryanthemums,** and **prostrate conifers** such as **Juniper conferta** and **Sabina vulgaris.**

Features can be devised to create interest; for example, a wooden cask drilled with 2in. holes like a strawberry barrel and planted with a collection of **alpine** or **rockery plants.** Petunias give an interesting effect grown this way in a sunny aspect.

Add a small pool surrounded by a clump of **Nile grass** and a few mossy boulders. The pool is simply constructed with plastic sheeting, anchored and covered by stones above water-level.

If space permits, you could merge the essential living area into a Japanese-style garden, also featuring a pool or with light gravel as "water" and flat weathered rocks winding through as stepping-stones.

The atmosphere can be accentuated by a stone lantern, ornamental bridge, carefully grouped rocky outcroppings, and plantings such as **bamboo, nandina, mugo pine,** small **maples,** standard **wisteria,** and **prostrate junipers.**

If part of the courtyard lacks interest, try lifting a few squares of paving and placing a couple of dramatic boulders accompanied by an ornamental flax. Alternatively, use a stump or log entwined with ivy, a low bird-bath nesting on a bed of gravel, or a water-worn stone in a similar setting. Undoubtedly, your imagination will produce many more ideas to your liking.

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If you can't read the future, then read this and you could save a big dent in the family finances

Not even the best palm readers can predict when you'll be hit by the cost of sudden illnesses or accidents to members of your family. Nor can we. But we can show you how to avoid being "caught short" in time of trouble.

"No Claim" Bonus on hospital benefits. Hospital benefit funds generally protect their members for 84 days' hospitalisation in any 12 consecutive months. This means that if you're unfortunate enough to need hospital attention for, say 90 days, you have to pay for the extra 6 days.

But with the H.C.F.'s "No Claim" Bonus, your entitlement is increased by 7 days for each consecutive 12 months in which you **don't** claim for hospital benefits, up to a maximum coverage of 126 days after 6 consecutive "No Claim" years.

A particular feature of the H.C.F.'s "No Claim" Bonus is that it applies individually to each and every member of your family. A claim on behalf of one member of the family **does not** reduce the additional number of days' hospitalisation to which others are entitled.

Is your medical cover big enough? Medical charges have risen considerably in recent years and G.P. surgery consultations now cost up to $3 in N.S.W. and the A.C.T. Home visits by G.P.'s cost up to $4.50 in N.S.W. and $4 in the A.C.T. Specialist charges have also increased. To check the adequacy of your present medical cover, obtain a copy of the H.C.F. membership brochure from your nearest H.C.F. Agent (usually your family chemist) or branch office, and study the benefits payable under each H.C.F. medical table.

Is your hospital cover big enough? The following minimum charges for hospital accommodation currently apply in N.S.W. and the A.C.T.

	N.S.W.	A.C.T.
Public Ward	$57.40	$47.60
Intermediate	$81.90	—
Private Ward	$104.30	$81.20

Is the benefit payable under your present hospital benefit table sufficient to meet hospital costs, or should you protect yourself by transferring to a higher table right away?

Have you provided for your growing family? In young and growing families, there is a relatively high incidence of sickness or accidents requiring medical attention or hospitalisation. This risk can increase with each addition to the family. Unexpected medical and hospital expenses can seriously affect the family budget. With a slightly higher contribution, you could save yourself and your growing family from severe financial problems.

Have you provided for extra financial commitments? When you decided on your present medical and hospital benefits tables, they may have provided an adequate cover. But what's the position today? Are your earnings committed to additional expenditure, such as hire purchase, mortgage repayments, education, etc.? Few individuals and fewer families can afford to expose themselves to the risk of meeting heavy medical and hospital costs when they have other sizeable fixed commitments.

What is the H.C.F.? It is the Hospitals Contribution Fund of Australia —a non-profit organisation, registered with the Commonwealth Government to pay medical and hospital benefits. The H.C.F. is run purely in the interests of its contributors; has modern, progressive ideas on service to its contributors, such as 28 branches where they're needed in Sydney and suburbs (including Roselands and Bankstown Square). All will pay straightforward medical claims in cash across the counter. Or 48 branches in principal country centres throughout N.S.W. and the A.C.T. which will also pay straightforward medical claims in cash. Hospital claims are paid by cheque across the counter at major centres.

HCF

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HCF5139B

AT HOME . . .
with Margaret Sydney

● *The instructions for performing the weekly wash (performing is the right word. It was quite an operation) which I quoted from the 1908 "Girls' Own Paper" have brought loud shouts of "Impossible!" from many readers.*

THIS letter, from a Victorian reader, is typical. "Just how did Grandma manage her washing if she did it herself? I've added up the washing I have with a husband and four young children.

"By the soak-and-copper method (which I did for the first three years, BUT with the aid of a rotary line and good weather) it seems to me that the mother of a large family would have spent three hours DAILY at washing chores. And goodness knows how long it would have taken to iron all those starched things.

"My wash, if it were all collected up and done on a single day, would be sheets, two double, five or six single, nine half or cot; towels, six; teatowels, six; pillowslips, seven; underpants, 35; vests, 14; bras, three; slips, three; shorts, 28; shirts, 28; dresses, nine children's, five adults', or equal number blouses and skirts; socks, 35 pairs; handkerchiefs, 20; pyjamas, 18 pairs; some dolls' clothes; nappies, 70; waterproof-type pants (not plastic), 14 pairs.

"In summer, extra towels and bathers; in winter, about 20 jumpers a week; at least a blanket per fortnight; and always overalls, aprons, etc.

"This is for two adults and children aged 1, 2, 4, and 5. Just how did grandma manage with long dresses, stiffened slips, etc.? Surely her children got as dirty as mine, used nappies, and wet the bed! Could some enlightened grandma tell me the answer?"

I hope one will. But, in the meantime, let's have a stab at it. In the first place, grandma DIDN'T provide as many clean clothes as that. The bed linen, the towels, and the napkins, yes. But certainly not all those socks, underclothes, and clean shirts.

Customs have changed. When I was a child I can remember advertisements that said "Be a Change Daily Girl," as though the change-daily girl was the exception rather than the rule.

A cover-up pinafore saved a lot of washing

GRANDMA certainly didn't change daily, and she didn't change her children daily after babyhood, either. Little girls didn't get a clean dress each day, but they did wear voluminous and much more easily washed and ironed pinafores, which satisfactorily covered up everything else and kept it reasonably clean.

And, then again, Grandma, unless she was very unlucky, didn't do the washing herself, or, if she did, someone else was doing the cooking and cleaning at the same time.

You had to be very poor or live in a very isolated place to be without some sort of help when wages were low and domestic work was the only sort offering for so many girls.

Grandma's help may not have been very skilled or very experienced, but at least there was someone to keep an eye on baby and get the beds made and the floors swept while Grandma was tending the copper.

We think we're miles better off than Grandma was (and we are, too, in most ways), but it's only in comparatively recent times that Mum's has become the ONLY pair of hands around the house while the children are young—except for that very welcome hand lent by Dad from time to time.

Grandma didn't have to go shopping for supplies. Everything was delivered to her, but she did have to make gallons of jam and preserve mountains of fruit. She did lots of baking, but didn't feel, if money was short, that it was up to her to pitch in and help build on a new room or paint or paper an old one.

There's still poverty and hard work, today

I'M not suggesting that Grandma was better off than we are I don't believe that for a moment, and I wouldn't change places with her.

I think she spent an enormous amount of her time working very hard at tedious jobs we do by quicker (if not always better) means, but did she really actually work harder than any modern mum who has four or five small children, no jobless and unmarried female relatives looking for occupation (Grandma usually had one or two of these), and the rather grim knowledge that every single thing around the house that gets done will only get done if she does it?

I've been generalising. Not ALL grandmothers were lucky enough to have unemployed female relatives or even enough money for the very small wages paid to "mother's helps."

Those who were really poor and had large families must have worked harder and longer than we could believe possible, with a never-ending, hungry brood of children growing out of their inadequate clothes.

Their washes weren't done the way the GOP advised—no time for long soaking and rinsing and starching and ironing if the garment's owner hadn't another and couldn't go out of doors until it was dry.

It would be nice to think that nobody has that sort of struggle nowadays, but, alas, it doesn't seem to be true. Some figures that showed a sad state of affairs were presented by economists at the recent Anzaas conference in Canberra.

The figures were for Melbourne, but, give or take a little, they're probably much the same for all our large Australian cities.

They show that one in every 16 in Melbourne is suffering from actual poverty or, as the presenter of the paper put it, "is existing below the poverty line." Most of these people belong in three groups—the old, the deserted wives with children, families where death has left no male wage-earner.

Surely the saddest of all is the poverty of the very old? They don't have to get on working as the old and poor had to in Grandma's day.

But it's a different world, and there's more loneliness now for old people than there ever was in the days of big families and bigger houses.

Maybe it's true that hard work never killed anyone, but I wonder can you say the same of loneliness and boredom?

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LONDON FASHIONS HAVE THEIR UPS AND DOWNS

● *To cut a long story short . . . two versions of a striped wool dress, a velvet skirt with cashmere blouse, and a simple style in pastel crepe.*

For teenagers

THE London Look can be long or short.

All shades of purple, lilac and violet have zoomed high on the color charts, and any broken check is an all-important feature.

Another London fad is men's head-gear made in material to match the outfit that it is worn with.

Men's waistcoats are also highly favored by fashion-minded young ladies, and so is the Sherlock Holmes cape.

By day the sturdy English shoe is ousting boots, while for glamor after dark it's silver kid in strappy, low-heeled shapes.

● *When a body meets a body these days they're sure to wear the tartan. Note the matching Sherlock Holmes cape and men's rakish head-gear.*

Candytwist is colour magic!

It's two colours . . . side by side! Candytwist gives you the warmth and texture of wool with the easy-care ways of Courtelle* in one beautiful tweedy yarn. It's equivalent to 8 ply and knits up like magic too . . . and so economical! You can knit this classic cardigan for as little as $5.60, choose from eighteen intriguing colours.

Instructions for knitting the raglan cardigan illustrated are in Sirdar Leaflet No. 2139, price 15c at your favourite wool counter, or send 20c to Dept. A, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.

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ROUND ROBIN

Adair

MOON A STONE'S THROW

A RECENT news item has thrown American and Russian moon-landing planners into a spin.

The story apparently said simply that cameras aboard a spacecraft had photographed the trail left by a huge rock as it careered down a moon crater.

The interesting — and disturbing — part of the story, however, was the headline:

TRAIL OF ROLLING STONE PHOTOGRAPHED ON MOON.

The idea of a singer on the moon has possibilities. He would be able to help scientists know what is on the flip side.

The main opponents in the space-race have desperately tried to claim the British pop star's landing for themselves.

The leading Russian space scientist, Dr. Blastoff, has said that the moon-lander is a Rolling Stone — but he was launched in Russia.

He said that a Moscow disc-jockey put on, at 78, a 45 recording of him singing — and it really took off.

"This was bound to happen," he said. "You see, we never counter revolution."

He denied a British suggestion that the trip was made by one of the Kinks.

He said: "There haff been no Kinks in Russia since 1917."

The Americans have quickly refuted the Russian claims.

A National Aeronautics and Space Administration official said: "A Rolling Stone gathers no Moscow."

The Chinese Red Guards, who don't dig pop music, have commented on the official's claim that NASA had, in fact, launched the Rolling Stone.

They said: "People who live in White Houses shouldn't throw Stones."

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BEAUTY IN BRIEF

FLATTER YOUR FACE

A FAVORITE trick of model girls is to carry the corners of the lower lip slightly upward when applying lipstick to give a soft, smiling look to the mouth.

It's a simple ploy that's well worth copying if you want to look more attractive — always keep the corners of your mouth upturned slightly, and never, never allow them to be droopy.

Perhaps you have other mannerisms that spoil your youthful looks. Do you squint when concentrating, arch your brows, scowl, or compress your mouth and lips? These are all beauty-stealers from way back.

Even the fairly prevalent habits acquired early in life such as screwing up your eyes against the glare of the sun or wrinkling your forehead can steal youth from the face by forming lines and creases long before they should appear.

When you set out to improve facial expressions try to relax instead of looking tense, and if you think it's needed, have your eyes tested in case your scowls, frowns, and squints are caused by weakness.

Finally, practise looking more friendly and laugh often. It's the best way of all to improve your expression. Career girls will tell you that people respond instantly to a pleasant face and manner.

— Carolyn Earle

BEATNIK

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Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Life with father!

LETTERS

● *As an average 1967 teenager, I love clothes and dress the way I like, within reason (my mother's). My father doesn't say much about what I wear and the way I act, but I think he is more amused than disgusted. I live in a country town in which the adults are not quite ready for bell-bottoms and mini-skirts. Dad is used to me now, and as I walk toward a group of his friends to talk to him, the men stare, but Dad grins to himself. Two-piece bathers are a sore point in our family, though, and when I finally bought a pair, Mum made me show Dad. His reaction? "Get your hair cut." Not a word about bathers. Fathers! Can anyone understand them?*

—"PUZZLED," Claremont, W.A.

Shining example

IF you are looking for a party with a difference, which will really go and be talked about for a long time afterwards, I can suggest one. Simply consult a calendar, find the date of the next full moon, and arrange a Moon-viewing Ceremony. These are very popular in Japan. Choose a good vantage point from where the guests will sit and watch the slowly rising moon. No conversation is expected, as all one's concentration should be on the changing scene and the complete calm under the vast sky. — *"Moon Watcher," Chatswood, N.S.W.*

Alien viewpoint

I'M all for the conscription of aliens into the Australian Army. Immigrants come here to start a new life, and just as they have to accept new customs and different traditions, so they must accept Australia's problems, which include Vietnam. Of course, I don't think that immigrants should be snatched up into the Army as soon as they land. There should be a time limit of at least two and a half years. By that time immigrants should not think of themselves as aliens. — *Anne Miller, Upper Beaconsfield, Vic.*

Call for help

WHY are Australians so unfriendly to others? It's really surprising the number of people who see you trying desperately to pick up parcels which you have dropped, and do not come to your assistance. I claim no one is in such a hurry that he hasn't time to help someone in distress. Buck up your ideas, Australians, and help others whenever you can. You'll feel happier in yourself, too. — *Rhondda Coyne, Rockhampton, Qld.*

☆

OUR school has a Matriculation Society, the aim being to draw staff and final-year students into one united body. Interesting speakers have included the local town planner, a probation officer, an actor, and the university warden. Sports? Basketball, tennis, swimming, and volleyball, with the girls playing Aussie Rules football. The highlight of last year was the matriculation camp, held in a youth hostel that was originally a huge winery. We had speakers, sports, walks, films, and a revue. A special dance, given by old scholars, was the final function of 1966.—Helena Saj, Elizabeth Vale, S.A.

☆

■ Just before the holidays, two forms visited a school for backward children, taking toys and books and performing a play. It was heart-warming to see how excited the children were and to learn that they had been looking forward to our visit. Most of them came from poor families and were overjoyed with their presents, too. I think it is a pity that more teenagers don't try to help such worthy causes, if only by donating their time. So much pleasure and satisfaction can be gained by helping those less fortunate than ourselves. — Sharon Brodtman, Glenkuntly, Vic.

Tomorrow's citizen

WHENEVER my father hears young people voicing opinions on anything topical, moral, political, or religious, he completely rubbishes them. He cannot see that teenagers must develop views on important issues NOW. They do not suddenly gain the right to do so once they reach adulthood. If we care enough to offer ideas seriously, and with as much maturity as we can muster, we should be heard and, to some extent, considered. If we do not take an interest in the world today, we cannot possibly become responsible citizens tomorrow. — *"Hopeful," Eden Valley, S.A.*

Cruel laughter

YOU can openly abuse a boy with long hair with: "What is it, a boy or girl?" and go your way with a smug, self-righteous smile. But what harm have you done? I grew my hair because, since seeing the film "The Three Musketeers" at the age of nine, I have always liked long hair. For the three years since growing it, I have been subjected to humiliation, and now I am anti-social, nervous in crowds, and completely wilt when in the company of strangers. I have since cut my hair to get a holiday job. But I am still marked with the humiliation of those three years. Just think about the person as a human being before you call him a "sweet girlie." — *Peter Young, Subiaco, W.A.*

Age of reason

I THINK that young people would make fewer mistakes in life if they did not have to wait for their 21st birthday before being allowed to make decisions. After all, despite the celebrations, it is just another day. Parents should gradually leave decisions to their children. No one can grow up overnight. — *"That Age," Camp Hill, Qld.*

FOR a cool treat on hot summer days I mash one ripe banana with two heaped tablespoons of desiccated coconut, and mix into a tumbler full of milk. When frozen solid, this makes a delicious and nourishing ice-block. Because no sugar is added, it is easy on both teeth and complexion, and therefore ideal for the average teenager. — Pamela Edwards, East St. Kilda, Vic.

LIVE FIRST!

● Most of my friends (girls) want to marry by the age of 21 or 22. If a girl marries young, by the time she is 30 she will probably have children to look after, and by the time she is 45 she might be a grandmother alone again with her husband. But the girl who marries between 30 and 32 has the years in between when she can see the world, meet hundreds of interesting people, and have the most wonderful time of her life. Even more important, when she marries she will know her husband is the right one. By the time she is 45 she can still enjoy the daily company of her family. I will never understand why so many girls wish to marry young.— C. M. Seychell, West Brunswick, Vic.

WHAT THEY THINK

Four readers plead for the rights of Australia's 'original' people . . .

IT broke me up to hear this conversation between two little girls. "I like her. She nice girl." "Why?" "She talk to me, even though I'm black." This is typical of the inferior position Aborigines hold despite all Government attempts to improve conditions. In fact, it's in the very policy of the Government that the trouble seems to lie. The dark person is given what he needs, and does not have to work hard for his possessions. So he neglects them. This is just human nature. What we work and save to buy, we cherish and care for. Let us think hard and try to find a solution to the Aboriginal problems. We'd hate to face the situation that is in America — "Born White," Murgon, Qld.

●

SOME people expect others to change without any guidance or assistance. There are many around Australia who complain about Aborigines and their habits. Yet when asked to help with their problems — no! they wouldn't have anything to do with them. What chance does this give the Aboriginal to assimilate with the so-called white "master race"? — P. Williams, Corobimilla, N.S.W.

●

IN 1788 the English came to Australia, built towns, and generally made it habitable. Our white people have food and clothes and democracy, but what happened to Australia's original inhabitants? Where are they in this modern, money-making world? They are forced into the background, made to live in poor houses, given clothes and food but not the opportunity to attend the schools and universities and become educated like the white people. Recently the Government has been helping the Aborigines, and I hope it continues to aid and guide them and make them respected, industrious, and happy Australians. — Barbara Wearns, St. Arnaud, Vic.

●

WHEN the whites first imposed themselves on the Aborigines' way of life, the latter were pushed into the background. Segregation prevented intermingling, which would have given the Aborigines a chance to develop their skills. They were shunned, and gradually many of the whites began to think that they were superior. Surely this is a serious mistake, and I think the Aborigines deserve the help and understanding they are now getting from the majority of people — in fact, they are only being compensated for their unjust treatment until recent years. — Julene Winn, Mt. Samson, Qld.

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 8

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Not a good week, which escalates into muddle and deception. There could be trouble at home and a friend could hurt through betrayal. 13th-15th is the worst period. Don't trust appearances.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green blue. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Somebody could be smearing your public image — and strange things could happen to ambitions. It's a bad time to begin the new — or anew. Stick to the status quo and be sceptical.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky day, Monday.

★ If you intend to invest in the lottery with others, get it all down in black and white. There's a lot of smaze and smog about — and you could become a victim of woolly thinking.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Venus is in a petulant and deceiving mood, so don't believe all lovers' sighings or fall for sheep's eyes. Travel accidents could happen on the 13th. Be careful, too, Sunday night.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.

★ If you're thinking of improving status, pushing ambitions and career, postpone your plans. It's an off week that works up to a confusing climax. 13th-15th also could mean matrimonial muddle.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ For many there's been a gradual easing of stress and tension, but this week is not without strain. Avoid chaos, especially 13th-15th. Bad for legal matters and job conditions.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Two important facets of your life — romance and finance — come under deceptive vibrations. Avoid emotional entanglements and lock up your purse. Moment of truth 13th-15th.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Mon.

★ At the week's end your ruling star enters its own sign, so you could be feeling more on the ball. However, minor upset and muddle dominate, affecting personal and married life. 13th-15th adverse.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ You'll need all that prophetic instinct and on-target vision, since you could find yourself mentally snarled up and making boo-boos, particularly 13th-15th. Allergic for important letters.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ Although the career and status side of your life benefits, you could strike money troubles involving home finances. Budget carefully and postpone contracts. 13th-15th is a bad patch.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ It's still your get-with-it cycle, but the stars don't offer much inducement. There are signs of petty but irritating upsets. Stick to routine and launch no new projects 13th-15th. Much muddle.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ You should do well if you are a surrealist poet — there are queer and confusing influences. Otherwise, watch out for misunderstanding, delay, and confusion 13th-15th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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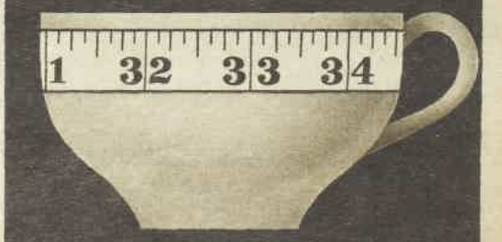

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Louise Hunter's

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

"JILL" OF HEARTS

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

"I AM 18 and I like two boys very much. Both know about each other but they say I must choose between them. One of the boys lives 200 miles from here, the other in town. I don't know what to do, because the one who lives 200 miles away writes to me every week and comes down to see me regularly. Could you please help me?"

"Uncertain," Vic.

• Explain to your two boyfriends that you like them both "very much," but at this stage you don't want to go steady with just one boy, and will make up your mind when you are a little older. Watch their reactions closely. If one shows more willingness to wait, then choose him, as he must really care for you. If neither will wait, then probably a boy in town is worth more than one in the bush!

Ring the changes!

"FOR Christmas my boyfriend gave me two very beautiful friendship rings that look more like eternity and engagement rings. When I wear them people think I am married before they have a good look and see that the rings are on my right hand. My boyfriend is on holidays, so doesn't know about my problem, and I don't know what to do when he comes back. It will hurt his feelings terribly if I don't wear the rings. What should I do?"

"Embarrassed," N.S.W.

• Couldn't you wear just one ring at a time? Then people could only mistakenly think you were engaged, which wouldn't be so embarrassing. Your boyfriend shouldn't be hurt by this, as you would still be wearing the rings, and you could say they look prettier when worn singly.

How can she tell?

"I AM 16 and have been dating a boy for four months. I would also like to go out with other boys, but I do not have the courage to suggest this to him, because he is very jealous and I wouldn't like to hurt him. Could you suggest a way to tell him without causing an argument, as I do not want to be bad friends with him?"

"Tactful," Qld.

• If your boyfriend is jealous, there is really no way to break the news to him gently. To avoid hurting his feelings too much, you could break away gradually by refusing more and more dates — but, of course, this would mean you'd eventually have to go your separate ways.

Love on trial

"I HAVE liked a boy for about two years, and although I go out with him regularly he has never said anything about going steady. I have never really understood his feelings toward me, as he always talks about other girls he has taken out before me. However, the other night something happened which upset me, and in explaining he told me he liked me more than anyone else. Yet next day he ignored me completely and took out another girl. He has not spoken to me since. Should I forget him, and why has he adopted this attitude toward me?"

"Confused," S.A.

• I take it that you do not go out with other boys and would like to go steady with this boy. You have probably made these points all too clear to him, and he is trying to hint by mentioning the other girls he dates that he does not want to be tied. You should also go out with others — and mention them to him. The thought of competition may scare him into suggesting going steady. If not, your other dates will help you to forget and, eventually, to replace him.

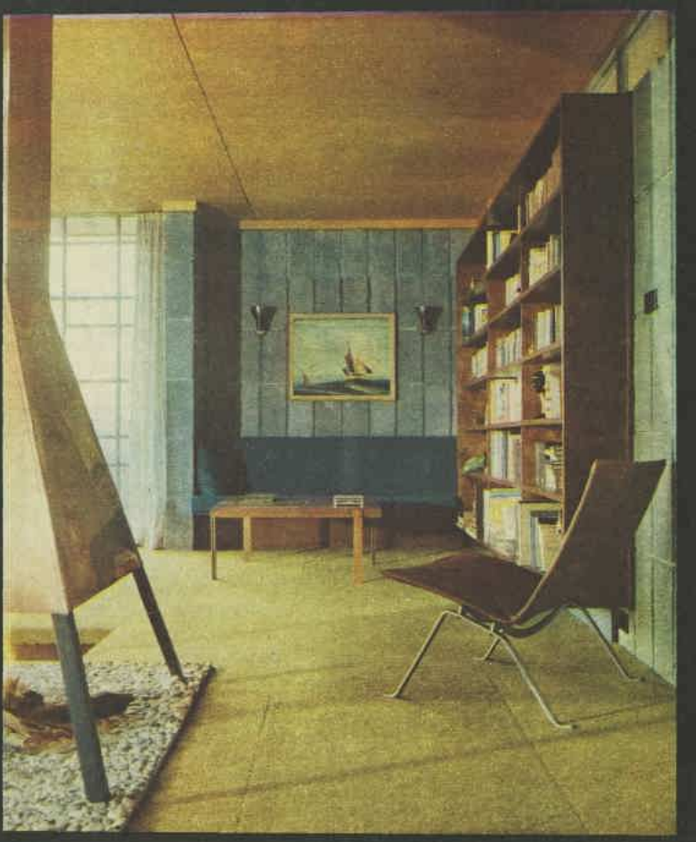
Color complex

"I HAVE an inferiority complex about my red hair. In looks and other respects I am an average boy, but because of my hair I am afraid to make advances to girls. Can you advise me what to do?"

"Worried," Vic.

• What's wrong with red hair? You would be surprised at the number of girls who find it attractive — and certainly few would find it so unattractive as to refuse to go out with you. Most girls are not silly enough to judge by appearance alone, anyway. They appreciate a pleasant personality, courtesy, kindness, and generosity much more. If you are still a little unsure, then look for a red-haired girl.

Is this the SHAPE of THINGS to COME?



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2952.—Basic proportioned fitted dress with self-belt. Pattern also has shallow and scooped necklines and sleeveless and three-quarter-length sleeve versions. This pattern is proportioned for different figure heights. Tall (5ft. 9in. and over), medium (5ft. 4in. to 5ft. 8in.), short (5ft. 3in. and under). Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 57 cents includes postage.

4023. — Lined-to-edge cover-up, in above - knee or street length, has straight hem or curved hem with self-ruffle. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

9796.—Useful dress cut in large size range. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46in. bust. Price 53c includes postage.

4072.—Girl's A-line shift with V-shaped or scoop neckline, with or without hip-line seam, patch pockets, inverted front pleat, top-stitch trim. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

3251.—Softly bloused dress with oval neckline, darted straight skirt, and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sleeveless version also included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

4029.—Semi-fitted A-line dress. A variety of necklines and trims, sleeveless and three-quarter-length sleeves included in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

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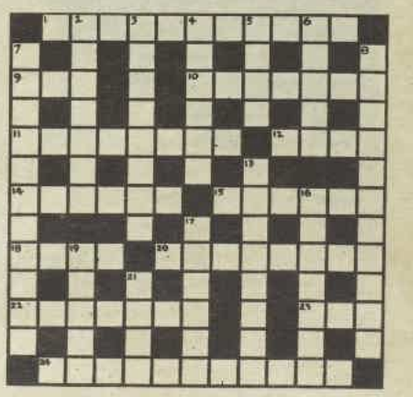
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

NARDA'S plane lands, and she is acclaimed as a heroine. Meanwhile, the inter-aeronautic authority and Mandrake puzzle about the identity and whereabouts of the astro-pirates. READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This is not a boat for an undergraduate (11).
9. Vase for ashes gained by churning (3).
10. Happening by degrees (7).
11. Dispatch a deep exit (8).
12. Cover with wax (4).
14. Unaccountable proceeding with a mixture of gray ending (6).
15. Demand the presence of a son hiding his mum (6).
18. Vocal music (4).
20. I buy a rat with this collection of Persian poems (8).
22. Liar cad (anagr., 7)
23. Greasy liquid used in a Prado illumination (3).
24. Broken picture in a broken deed is the last stage of decay (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Keeps the guy in place (4-3).
3. Mockers with heart on horseback (8).
4. Deny net age (6).
5. It can be small or grand and all included in alms (4).
6. To accustom (5).
7. Overseers (11).
8. By turns try a Lent ale (11).
13. European capital city (8).
16. Youth enjoying a temporary dignity, especially on the first day of fifth month (3-4).
17. Coarse woven fabric for wrapping (6).
19. Push with elbow in a dungeon without negation (5).
21. Wound mark (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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